

A. Th. Low

"Reform *is the wisest and most natural* Preventive of Revolution."—*Emerson.*

MEMOIRS

OF

A REFORMER.

(1832—1892.)

BY

ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS,

Author of "Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist"
Life Member of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery
Society, and the Anti-Slavery of France; Vice-President
of the National Liberty League of the U. S.; Presi-
dent of the Ontario Medical Liberty League, the
Non-Compulsory Vaccination League, and
the Food Reform Society of Canada,
etc., etc., etc.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Jesus.*

TORONTO:
HUNTER, ROSE & COMPANY.
1893.



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LC
Ross, AM

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, by ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS, at the Department of Agriculture.

To the Memory

OF

JOHN BROWN,
The Martyr;

JOSEPH GARIBALDI,
The Liberator;

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
The Emancipator;

LUCRETIA MOTT, GERRIT SMITH, WENDELL PHILLIPS, HORACE GREELY, WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE, MARSHAL S. BIDWELL, RUSSEL T. TRALL and J. EMERY CODERRE,

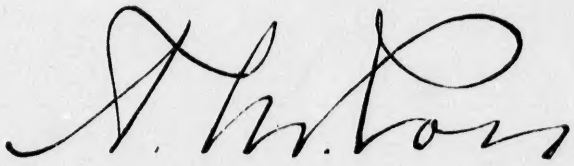
Reformers,

This volume is reverently dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Memoirs are given to the public in compliance with the repeated solicitations of friends and co-laborers. In their preparation I have strictly refrained from any attempt at embellishment or amplification, but have aimed at accuracy of statement, briefness of description, and simplicity of style.



TORONTO, 1893.

MEMOIRS

OF

A REFORMER.

CHAPTER I.

1849–55.

My Heritage—Earliest Recollections—First Impressions of Human Slavery—First Experience of a Struggle for Freedom—Leave Canada—Arrival in New York City—Marshal S. Bidwell—Horace Greeley—William Cullen Bryant—Dr. Valentine Mott—Dr. Trall—First Visit to Washington—Joshua R. Giddings—Dr. Gamaliel Bailey—Gen. Sam. Houston—Senate and House of Representatives—Daniel Webster—John C. Calhoun—Henry Clay—Intemperance at the Capitol—Slave Coffles—Return to New York—The Death of My Mother—Visit Canada.

MY HERITAGE.

FROM my mother I received a heritage of qualities which have been ruling factors in all my labors for the betterment of humanity—a love of nature, and a love of freedom. From my childhood I have hated and rebelled against tyranny and oppression, under whatever form they were manifested or imposed.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

My earliest recollections of a struggle against oppression date back to the year 1838. The Canadian Government at that time was a selfish, arrogant, oppressive Family Compact, that deserved annihilation, and would have met it, had all the Liberal leaders been animated with the zeal, energy, courage, intelligence and consistency of William Lyon Mackenzie, to whom Canadians of to-day are more than to any man indebted for the rights and liberties they now possess.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF HUMAN SLAVERY.

My first impressions of human slavery were received from my mother, to whom I am indebted for whatever I have accomplished or attained that is worthy and meritorious. Subsequent descriptions of the internal working of the institution of slavery in the slave states, were given me by fugitive slaves in Canada.

Many of these victims of "man's cruelty to man" bore ineffaceable evidence of brandings with red hot irons, scourgings, and horrible mutilations, the sight of which kindled an unquenchable flame, and clinched my determination to do what I could toward "letting the oppressed go free."

LEAVE CANADA.

In my seventeenth year I went to the United States to prepare for the battle of life. My first object was to acquire a broader and fuller knowledge of the workings of human slavery in the United States. My next object was to acquire a knowledge of medicine and surgery, which would enable me to earn the means to prosecute what was even at that early period the leading aspiration of my life—the abolition of human slavery.

I had long before determined to cast my lot with the despised and hated men and women, who were sacrificing their all to obtain freedom for the poor down-trodden slaves of the republic.

MARSHAL S. BIDWELL.

I had often heard my mother refer in kindly terms to Marshal S. Bidwell, as an old friend then residing in New York. Mr. Bidwell had occupied a prominent political position in Canada, previous to the rebellion of 1837, but becoming involved in opposition to the (Family Compact) Tory Government he was forced to leave the country, and settled in New York, where he attained high distinction as a lawyer and jurist. He was noted for his high and delicate sense of honor, as well as for intellectual refinement aud culture. He received me in the

kindest manner, asking many questions about old friends in Canada. I became a frequent visitor at his home, and there met many of the most worthy citizens of New York.

Through Mr. Bidwell, I became acquainted with Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and many other good men and women, whose kindly sympathy and pure lives have been a blessing to me.

DR. R. T. TRALL.

I also formed what proved a life-long friendship with Dr. Trall the Hydropathist, who at that time was actively disseminating his hydropathic and hygienic theories. I attended his evening lectures and subsequently graduated at his school. He was an active, vigorous thinker and speaker: very independent and uncompromising, and tenacious of his opinions. His life and labors were productive of great good to humanity.

DR. VALENTINE MOTT.

I also became acquainted with Dr. Mott, who at that time stood at the head of his profession in America, if not in the world.

Dr. Mott was a kind, philanthrophic man, quite simple in his manner and unconsious of his professional distinction. He rendered me great assistance in my studies, and did me many acts of true kind-

ness at a time when I was preparing for the battle of life. I shall ever revere his memory.

FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Greeley and other friends advised me to spend the winter in Washington. I was made acquainted with Joshua R. Giddings, of the House of Representatives, General Sam. Houston, of the Senate, and Dr. Gamaliel Bailey of the *National Era*, who secured me a good position in the office of the *Era*, where my duties were light, affording me plenty of time for study and observation. I was made a welcome visitor at the house of Dr. Bailey and his excellent wife, and participated in the delightful intellectual feasts that made their home the resort of the best and greatest men of that day. At the feet of "Gamaliel" I was happy to sit and listen to words of wisdom. Weekly and bi-weekly informal receptions were held by Mrs. Bailey, which were attended by liberals of every shade of politics and religion. There I frequently met Joshua R. Giddings, Benamin F. Wade, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Horace Mann, Henry Wilson, Robert Rantoul, and sometimes foreign political refugees.

Congress was in session, and the city was full of gay people. General Taylor was President, and the Government was under the baneful influence of the slave power. I spent several hours every evening

at the capitol, listening to the speeches of the great men of that period, for there were intellectual giants in the Senate in those days. But, although the intellectual power of the Senate at that time undeniably surpassed that of any other period in the history of that body, there was a cringing and bowing down to the slave power, that in a great measure destroyed the usefulness of these great men.

In the Senate were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Colonel Benton, General Sam. Houston, Jefferson Davis, Mason of Virginia, and Pierre Soule of Louisiana.

In the house of Representatives were Joshua R. Giddings, Salmon P. Chase, Thaddeus Stevens, Preston King, David Willmott (of Wilmott Proviso), Charles Durkee, Alexander H. Stevens, Andrew Johnson, and many other men of mark. With Mr. Giddings and General Houston I formed friendships that continued till their deaths.

I frequently heard Webster, Clay and Calhoun speak.

These three Senators formed a trio of intellectual giants, but morally they were dwarfs.

Mr. Calhoun was aged and infirm; his voice was tremulous, and his step feeble, he appeared despondent and gloomy, and no wonder, for all his plans and schemes had failed. He was wasting away with the disease that eventually terminated his life.

He was thin, pale and feeble, but his intellectual

face, and the peculiar light that flashed from his eyes while speaking, made him a very striking figure.

Daniel Webster at that time was a most majestic-looking man, physically and intellectually,

His frame was massive and lion-like, his head large, neck full and strong, his eyes the grandest and most expressive of intellectual power I ever saw. His influence for good, however, was weakened by political and pecuniary environments. He had been repeatedly thwarted in his ambition for the presidency, and the disappointment marred his life.

Henry Clay was a ready, forcible speaker, and very effective in debate; his presence was magnetic, he was tall, slender and alert. His head was large and high, his nose prominent and inquisitive, his eyes bright and piercing, his eyebrows overhanging. Being a man of great personal magnetism, he had many personal friends who spoke of him with pride as "Harry of the West." Mr. Clay's great ability and power were rendered useless for the public good, by the evil spirit of human slavery, and by his ambition to become President, which hampered and embittered his last years.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

I occasionally witnessed exciting scenes in the House. The southern members were habitually

haughty and dictatorial in their manner, and in their speeches assumed a domineering tone toward northern members, especially the Whigs. On one occasion I witnessed a very exciting conflict between Foote of Tennessee, commonly called "Hangman Foote," and Colonel Benton, nicknamed "Old Bullion." They were both from slave states, consequently, I was neutral in my sympathy, and indifferent as to the consequences, the contest however, ended without bloodshed. On several occasions I witnessed brutal attacks on northern men, and often saw bowie-knives and pistols flourished, accompanied by threats of violence. It was the custom of the slave-holders to try and accomplish by intimidation and brute force, what they could not meet by argument. The power and influence of the Government at that time was wielded in the interests of human slavery.

INTEMPERANCE AT THE CAPITAL.

The vice of intemperance was not, as now, restricted to a few exceptional cases, but was fearfully prevalent. A glass of whiskey or brandy could often be seen on the desk of a Senator during a debate, and the free use of intoxicating drinks by Senators was too common to provoke remark. It was still more common in the House, and the scenes of drunkenness and disorder in that body at times, es-

pecially during a prolonged night session, were sometimes disgusting. On these occasions large quantities of intoxicants were deposited in a room connected with the House, which was thronged by members at all hours of the night.

SLAVE COFFLES.

From my window I frequently saw gangs of slaves pass, generally chained together in coffles of ten or fifteen men and women promiscuously, and always moving in one direction—Virginia, the chief slave market of the south at that time. These sad sights intensified my hatred of that vile institution, and served to clinch my determination to "let the oppressed go free," but I must bide my time. In consequence of frequent attacks of illness, which I attributed to the unhealthy condition of the city, I was obliged to leave Washington and return north. My residence in the capital had been of great interest and value to me. The opportunities I had enjoyed of listening to the debates in Congress of the leading men of the nation, the many friendships I had formed, and the advantages improved, will never be forgotten. I returned to New York and continued my medical studies. My acquaintance with Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant, both of whom were very kind and solicitous for my welfare, brought me in contact with good minds, which proved a source of enjoyment and benefit.

To both these good men I am specially indebted for many kindnesses. At their homes I was always made to feel that I was a welcome guest. Mr. Greeley was a most excellent man, gentle as a woman, and overflowing with kindness and child-like simplicity and innocence, one of the gentlest men I ever met. His heart and brain were full of human sympathy and love.

Mr. Bryant was a true and intelligent friend, whose kindness and friendship will never be forgotten by me.

MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

In 1855, I was called to Canada by the serious illness of my mother, who was prostrated with congestion of the lungs, from which she died. Words are inadequate to describe my feelings at this terrible bereavement

She had always been my inspiration. Her assurance to me when I first left home in 1849, "In spirit I shall be with you, wherever you are," was an ever present support and rock of defence. How could any evil come to me when one so good was watching over—was ever with me?

My mother had ever made the Golden Rule the standard by which she lived. She taught me that to live for one's own gratification and happiness was ignoble and unworthy. That the greatest pleasures are those which arise from devotedness to others;

that no work is more excellent than helping others to better lives.

The noblest career, in her eyes, was that which is given up to others' wants ; the successful was that which is worn out in conflict with wrong ; the only worthy ambition, to alleviate human misery, and leave the world some better than you found it.

My mother's life was not an uneventful one. Her father was connected with the commissariat service of the British army in Canada in 1812. When the war broke out between the United States and Britain, she, then a little girl, accompanied her parents to Newark, now Niagara, where the British troops were concentrating. During the frequent changes, defeats and victories that occurred she shared in the sufferings and vicissitudes consequent to a war in which Indian savages bore a part. When the town was destroyed by the enemy, she, with her mother, found a refuge in the "burial ground." On the return of the British forces, the women and children were placed on board a schooner and sent to Kingston. As the vessel was obliged to keep close to the Canadian shore, for fear of the United States' cruisers, it was five weeks before they reached Kingston. During the voyage there was much suffering for lack of clothing and food, as all they possessed had been destroyed in the fire. My mother's sufferings from cold inspired one of the sailors to cut the tops from his boots and make a

pair of shoes for the protection of her feet. Many years after this she often spoke with feelings of gratitude of the kind act of this sailor. While residing with her mother (her father had died from wounds received from the enemy) on the Kingston or military road, west of Kingston, their house was broken into one night, by a band of half-drunken Mohawk Indians, who were on the war-path. After the Indians had eaten all the food in the house and broken the furniture, one of the savages seized my mother by the hair and lifting her from the floor, drew his scalping knife to kill her, when the chief, —Loft, by name—knocked the savage down and saved my mother's life. Years after this occurrence, this same savage was seriously, and it was thought at the time fatally, wounded in a fight, and my mother hearing of it drove to the Reservation with a physician, and provided such good treatment for the Indian that he finally recovered. When the cholera visited Canada, and hundreds were being slain by it, she sacrificed herself in caring for its victims. The draft on her vitality was so great that she never recovered from it. My mother's disposition was one of exceeding kindness, patience and devotion to duty. She was a lover of flowers and birds, and a sincere and active friend of the poor. The negro refugees, from the slave states, always found a faithful friend and a sincere welcome at her home.

CHAPTER II.

1855-1856.

Visit Gerrit Smith—Charles Sumner—Lucretia Mott—Wendell Phillips—William Lloyd Garrison—John G. Whittier—Become an Active Abolitionist—The Outlook—Human Slavery as it Was—Four Millions of Slaves in Bondage—Slaves were Chattels—Slave Sales—Runaway Slaves—Women for Sale—Community of Property—Mules, Slaves and Cattle—Blood Hounds—Special Laws for Recapturing Runaway Slaves—Fiendish Brutalities Towards Slaves—Opinions of Jefferson and Randolph—"A Sabath Scene in the South"—The Clergy in the Slave States—The National Sacrifice—Some of the Dangers Attending My Crusade—Fugitive Slave Laws—My Anti-Slavery Principles.

VISIT GERRIT SMITH.

LEAVING Canada, I made my first visit to Peterboro', the home of that noble and sincere friend of the poor down-trodden slave, Gerrit Smith. He joined hands with me for the crusade against human slavery, and ever after remained my faithful and sincere friend. Through him, I became acquainted with all the active abolitionists of the time, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, Wendell Phillips and John G. Whittier. I had become an extreme abolitionist, determined to do my whole duty. I knew the risk, I knew that hatred, slander, malice, and social, relig-

ious and professional ostracism would be my portion. I knew that no other class of citizens were more despised by the rich, the powerful and the influential, than the despised abolitionists. I knew the path to professional preferment, success and influence was closed to me, but I felt then as I feel now, that the title of "negro thief" so often applied to me at that time was a prouder title than any conferred by monarchs. I felt then, and I feel now, after the lapse of thirty-five years, the approval of my own conscience, which is more to me than the fickle applause and approval of men.

THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook was dark and unpromising, but my faith in the justice of the cause was steadfast, and my hope in the future undimmed by the prevailing political fogs—and treachery of politicians and dough-faced friends.

In thirteen great states of the republic human slavery existed, and throughout these states men, women, and children were bought and sold, just as cattle and swine are bought and sold at the present time. They were deprived of all human rights, beaten, abused, outraged and killed at the will and pleasure of their owners. Husbands were sold and separated from their wives, and children were sold and separated from their parents. In fact, four

millions of men, women and children, in the slave states, possessed no rights that their masters were bound to respect. Slavery was the dominant power before which all other interests were subordinate. The coarsest, blackest, and most brutal tyranny prevailed all over that vile south Sodom. No word of pity or relief came to the oppressed. No one dare utter a word aloud against the institution of slavery, except at peril of life. To teach a slave to read was punished with death. A reign of terror prevailed. From the sanctum of the editor, the pulpit of the preacher, the desk of the teacher, the counting-house of the merchant, not a voice was heard on behalf of four millions of human beings held in cruel bondage, from which there appeared at that time no hope of relief. The poor slaves were silent and hopeless; if they looked for help to the so-called free states of the republic, they were met by the command, "Servants obey your masters." If they fled from bondage, the Federal government stood ready to act the part of a policeman for the slave masters, and send the fugitive back to slavery. In a majority of the northern states a mean, cowardly, servile spirit prevailed, that bowed and cringed before the haughty slave-masters.

All the power and influence of the national government, all the power and influence of the wealthy classes, all the social and religious influence of the clergy and professional classes, were enlisted in

positive or negative support of that sodomic institution, which made merchandise of the souls and bodies of human beings. The press of the north was muzzled. The religious Tract Societies, the Bible Societies, the Missionary Societies from Vermont to Texas, were silent or quiescent in the face of this giant wrong.

That was the condition of the American Republic in 1855. Its so-called banner of freedom, was a flaunting lie, its constitution a compact with Satan, its motto a deceitful, lying cant.

To the selfish and superficial observer of that time it appeared as if this arrogant slave power would last forever; entrenched in Federal and State law sustained by the church and all the dominant and wealthy classes of the republic, it appeared impregnable and indestructable. But, wait and see what a wonderful transformation was wrought in a few short years through the earnest labors of a few comparatively insignificant men and women "who loved their neighbors," and obeyed the golden rule. The members of this little band of abolitionists were at first ridiculed and despised, and treated as ignorant fanatics and cranks.

As they increased in number and daring, they were hated, persecuted, outraged, and in many cases barbarously murdered. What crime had these men committed? The crime of "doing unto others as they would have others do unto them," the crime

of loving liberty better than slavery, the crime of teaching that every human being born into this world possesses an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

HUMAN SLAVERY AS IT WAS—FOUR MILLIONS OF SLAVES IN BONDAGE.

The number of slaves in the Southern States at this period (1856) exceeded four millions, distributed as follows: Alabama, 445,000; Mississippi, 486,431; South Carolina, 402,406; Louisiana, 341,726; Texas, 182.566; Virginia, 490,465; Missouri, 114,921; Arkansas, 111,115; North Carolina, 331,059; Tennessee, 275,719; Kentucky, 225,483; Georgia, 462,198; Florida, 61,745; Delaware, 1,798; Maryland, 87,189; making a total of more than four millions of human beings held in cruel bondage.

SLAVES WERE CHATTELS.

Throughout the slave states, slaves were considered chattels, and were classed with horses, mules, swine, and other domestic animals. The slave was subject to his master's disposal. He was doomed to toil that others might reap the fruits of his unrequited labor. He had no right in things real or personal; he was not ranked among sentient things, but among things. His wife and his

offspring belonged to his master, to do as he pleased with. There was no law for the slave but his master's whip. In fact, the slave had no right which his master was bound to respect. He was bought, sold and traded, the same as lands, cattle, and mules were bought, sold and traded. That my readers may have a clear idea of the status of the slaves, I reprint a few advertisements clipped from southern papers of that time; such advertisements were usually headed by a cut of a man or woman with a bundle on his or her back. The extent and cruelty of the inter-state slave trade is well illustrated by an extract from a report printed by the Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky in 1851: "These horrid scenes (coffle gangs of slaves) are frequently occurring in our midst. There is not a neighborhood in the state where these heartrending scenes are not displayed; there is not a village or road that does not behold the sad procession of manacled outcasts whose chains and mournful countenances tell that they are exiled by force from all that their hearts hold dear."

Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky were the breeding states of the south. It has been truly said that "the best blood of Virginia runs in the veins of her slaves." This remark was equally true of Kentucky and Maryland.

SLAVE SALES.

(*From N. O. Picayune.*)

Foster's Slave Depot.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!!

FOUR HUNDRED SLAVES EXPECTED TO ARRIVE BY FIRST NOVEMBER.



My two Slave Depots are now open for the reception of traders and purchasers. From my numerous correspondents, I have reason to believe that I shall have from four to five hundred slaves, for sale, betwoen this and the first of November, comprised of every size, age and sex, to suit the most critical observer. I am also prepared to accommodate Traders with comfortable lodgings and board at very reasonable rates. My stock of Slaves is equal if not superior to any offered in this market.

Thankful for past patronage, I earnestly solicit planters and the citizens generally, to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B.—Slaves bought and sold on commission.

For Sale.



Just arrived, with a choice lot of VIRGINIA and CAROLINA NEGROES, consisting of Plantation hands, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cooks, Washers, Ironers, and Seamstresses, and will be receiving fresh supplies during the season, which I offer for sale, for cash or approved paper. I have removed my office from Esplanade to 90 Baronne-street, between Union and Perdido-streets, two blocks west of St. Charles Hotel. No brokerage paid on the sale of negroes.

JOHN B. SMITH,
90 Baronne-street,

Slave Depot.

195 Gravier and 85 Dryades-streets.

TO TRADERS, PLANTERS AND MERCHANTS.



Having opened my old stand, with considerable improvements, and another house added, I am prepared to accommodate for sale from 150 to 200 slaves. Also, good accommodation for owners. A good assortment of slaves constantly on hand for sale, consisting of Field Hands, Mechanics and House Servants. Apply to C. F. HATCHER,

195 Gravier and 85 Dryades-streets.

COMMUNITY OF PROPERTY—SLAVES, MULES AND LANDS.

(*N. O. Picayune, 1859.*)

Probate Sale of Negroes and Plantation.

BY virtue of an Order issued from the Seventh District Court of East Felciana in the above entitled succession, I will sell on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 20th of December next, the following property, belonging to said succession :—

The plantation, cultivated by the deceased as a cotton plantation, situated in the parish of Avoyelles, on the Atchafalaya River, containing about 742½ acres, together with all the improvements, consisting of 300 acres of open land, overseer's house, quarters, cisterns, a good gin and mill—the said plantation being composed of the tract known as the McMillan tract, and of about 157½ acres from the tract known as the Evans tract, bounded on the east by the Atchafalaya River, north by James H. Cason, west by J. L. Delee, and south by Turner's Bayou.

Also the following negroes :

1. ZIDE, aged about 40 years.
2. MARTIN, aged about 55 years.
3. FID, aged about 16 years.
4. WINNEY, aged about 35 years.
5. EMELINE, aged about 40 years.
6. JANE, aged about 16 years.

7. ALEXANDER, aged about 45 years.
8. GEORGE, aged about 28 years.
9. ANTONY, aged about 26 years.
10. HARRY, aged about 15 years.
11. JANE, aged about 11 years.
12. MILLY, aged about 23 years; her three children—Dolly, 4 years, Abe, 2 years, Polly, 1 month.
13. ZELPHY, aged about 22 years, and her two children—Emmeline, 3 years, Tom, 1 year.
14. RHODA, aged 7 years.
15. ELLEN, aged 38 years.
16. ZACH, aged 9 years.
17. HENRY, aged 24 years.

Also 8 head of mules, stock of cattle, oxen, hogs and farming utensils on said plantations.

The said property will be sold in block, or separately, to suit purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.

If sold in block, $6,000 cash; the balance on a credit of one, two, three and four years, the purchase price to bear 8 per cent. interest from day of sale, and to be secured by notes, with approved personal security, and a mortgage detained on the property.

If sold separately, the land on a credit of one, two, three and four years, with 8 per cent. interest from day of sale, to be secured by note, with approved personal security and mortgage on the property.

The negroes, one-third cash, the balance on one or two years, with 8 per cent. interest from the day of sale, to be secured by note; with approved personal security and mortgage on the property.

The mules, farming utensils, stock, etc., on a credit of twelve months, with 8 per cent. interest from day of sale, to be secured by note, with approved personal security, for all sums over $100; for all sums under $100, cash.

Persons desiring to examine the plantation before the sale, can

do so by calling on the manager of the place, or communicating with R. J. Bowman, at Clinton, La.

Sheriff's Office, Marksville, this 21st day of October, A.D. 1859.

L. BARBIN,
Sheriff and ex-officio Public Auctioneer.

SLAVE WOMEN FOR SALE.

In the *Charleston Mercury*, the leading political paper of South Carolina, appeared the following advertisement:

"NEGROES FOR SALE.—A girl about twenty years of age, raised in Virginia, and her two female children, one four and the other two years old—is remarkably strong and healthy, never having had a day's sickness, with the exception of the small-pox, in her life. The children are fine and healthy. *She is very prolific in her generating qualities, and affords a rare opportunity to any person who wishes to raise a family of healthy servants for their own use.* Any person wishing to purchase will please leave their address at the *Mercury* office."

Another infamous advertisement, from the Richmond, Va., *Despatch*, reads as follows:

FOR SALE—An accomplished and handsome lady's maid. She is just turned 16 years of age, nearly white, was reared in a genteel family in Maryland, and is now for sale, not for any fault, but simply because the owner has no further use for her."

(*Ibid.*)

"NEGROES FOR SALE.—A negro woman, 24 years of age, and her two children, one 8 and the other 3 years old. Said negroes will be sold *separately* or together, as desired.

RUNAWAY SLAVES.

(*From N. O. Picayune, 1857.*)



ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from my plantation on Tensas River, in the parish of Catahoula, Louisiana, on the 22nd of September last, four negroes:

BILL PRIME, dark griff, about 25 years old, weighs about 165 pounds; speaks slowly and stammers a little when confused; hair tolerably long and straight.

RICHARD, about 26 years of age, weighs 145 pounds, of dark complexion; has a large scar on the left cheek and one on the chin, same side of face.

TOM SIMMS, about 25 years old; weighs about 150 pounds; dark complexion; when he left had a small goatee under the chin.

GUS SIMMS, about 18 years old; weighs about 120 pounds; dark complexion, slim, and rather delicate in appearance.

I will pay the above reward if the above-named slaves are lodged in jail where I can get them, or $25 for either one of them.

They may probably try to make their way to the Free States, and may state that they belong to Sam Buford, my overseer, or to W. L. Campbell, of New Orleans, from whom I bought them.

M. GILLIS,
Of the firm of Gillis & Ferguson



ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the undersigned, on or abont the 18th of July, 1857, a negro man named PEYTON (calls himself Peyton Randolph), aged 26 years, five feet seven inches high, weighs 150 pounds; he is genteel in his appearance, and can read and write. The above reward will be paid to any one who will have him lodged in jail, so that he can be recovered, or who will deliver him to Mr. John Ermon, on the corner of Race and Camp streets in this city.

M. C. HALE,
Constance, near Second-street.



TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 29th of October, MISSOURI or ANN, a very likely griffe, aged 15 years, and about 5½ feet high; figure rather slender. She was barefooted, and had on a brown calico dress. She is refined and plausible in her manner and language, and unacquainted in the city.

L. GREENLEAF,
Cor. Annunciation and Jackson streets.

(*From the Richmond, Va., Whig.*)

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD will be given for the apprehension of my negro, Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white that it is believed a stranger would suppose that there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time since, in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man."

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, last November, *a white negro man*, about 35 years old, hefght about five feet eight or ten inches, blue eyes, has a yellow woolly head, very fair skin.

"P.S.—Said man has a good-shaped foot and leg; and his foot is very small and hollow."

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 14th instant, a negro girl named Molly. She is 16 or 17 years of age, slim made, *lately branded on her left cheek, thus, "R," and a piece is taken off her ear on the same side; the same letter is branded on the inside of both her legs.*

ABNER ROSS,
Fairfield District, S.C.

(*From the Georgia Messenger.*)

"RUNAWAY.—My man George; has holes in his ears; is marked on the back with the whip; has been shot in the legs; has a scar on the forehead."

(*From the Wilmington, N.C., Advertiser.*)

"Ran away, my negro man Richard. A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD or ALIVE. Satisfactory proof only will be required of his being KILLED. He has with him, in all probability, his wife Eliza, who ran away from Colonel Thompson.

(*From the Savannah Republican.*)

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 22nd ult., my negro man Albert, who is twenty-seven years old, *very white, so much so, that he would not be suspected of being a negro.* Has blue eyes, and very light hair. Wore, when he left, a long thin beard, and rode a chestnut sorrel horse, with about $70 belonging to himself.

"He is about five feet eight inches high, and weighs about 140 pounds. Has a very humble and meek appearance; can neither read nor write, and is a very kind and amiable fellow; speaks much like a low country negro. He has, no doubt, been led off by *some miserable wretch* during my absence in New York."

A letter in a Vicksburg, Miss., paper, of June, 1857, from a planter, contained the following passage: "I can tell you how to break a negro of running away. When I catch a runaway negro I tie him down and pull one of his toe nails out by the roots, and tell him if he ever runs away again I will pull out two of them. I never have to do it more than once. It cures them."

BLOOD HOUNDS.

Blood Hounds were used to track runaway slaves, especially in thick woods or in swamps, where the poor wretches would live in caves or among the rocks, to elude the pursuit of their cruel taskmasters. Many died of exposure and starvation, rather than return to their owners, to be whipped and branded with red-hot irons. I clipped the following advertisements from Southern papers:

"BLOOD HOUNDS.—The undersigned, having bought the entire pack of negro dogs (of the Hay & Allen stock) he now proposes to catch runaway negroes. His charges will be three dollars a day for hunting, and fifteen dollars for catching a runaway.

He resides three and one-half miles north of Livingston, near the lower Jones' Bluff Road.

"WILLIAM GAMBREL."

"NOTICE.—The subscriber, living on Carroway Lake, on Hoes' Bayou, in Carroll parish, sixteen miles on the road leading from Bayou Mason to Lake Providence, is ready with a pair of dogs to hunt runaway negroes at any time. These dogs are well trained, and are known throughout the parish. Letters addressed to me at Providence, will secure immediate attention. My terms are five dollars per day for hunting the trails, whether the negro is caught or not. Where a twelve hours' trail is shown, and the negro not taken, no charge is made. For taking a negro, twenty-five dollars, and no charge made for hunting.

"JAMES W. HALL."

VALUE OF BLOODHOUNDS.

The value of bloodhounds to the slave-hunters may be inferred from the following quotation of prices taken from a Columbia, S. C., paper:

"Mr. J. L. Bryan, of Moore county, sold at auction, on the 20th instant, a pack of ten bloodhounds, trained for hunting runaway negroes, for the sum of $1,540. The highest price paid for any one dog was $301; the lowest price, $75; average for the ten, $154."

Bloodhounds are larger and more compact than ordinary hounds, with hair straight and sleek as that of the finest race horse, colored between yellow and brown, short-eared, rather long-nosed, and built for scenting, quick action and speed. They can take a scent three days old and run it down. Their speed is about equal to, and their endurance

much greater than, a greyhound. Their bark resembles neither that of a bulldog, cur, nor hound, but is a yelp like a wolf's. Their bite is a wolf-like snap, not the hold-fast grip of a bulldog. The "catch dog" used in slavery times on Southern plantations in capturing runaway slaves, looked like a cross between a Newfoundland and bull of large and powerful build.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEGRO HUNT.

The overseer or hunter mounts a fleet horse, holds his "catch" dog by a chain, and turns loose the hounds. Circling round, they strike the scent and soon lead off, their fast receding yelps marking the rapidity of the chase. The horseman follows over fences through timber and swamp as best he can, holding his "catch dog in leash." Hounds sighting the negro, divide, form a semi-circle, and rapidly draw it into a large circle around him. As the pursued wretch runs, the dogs in front of him fall back, but preserve their equi-distant place in the circle which they are gradually closing. On nearing him they snap at his legs, but do not spring at his throat. As the circle narrows, the hunter arrives. The ominous sound of the chains' rattle, like the warning note of the serpent, strikes the negro's ears. The "catch dog" springs upon the exhausted runaway and holds him, hounds are clubbed away, the fugitive secured, dogs leashed, and the hunt is over.

SPECIAL LAWS FOR RECAPTURING SLAVES.

Special laws existed for recapturing escaped slaves at any cost of life to the victims, by first proclaiming them outlaws. The following legal instrument, with its accompaniments, will suffice to show the way:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
LENOIR COUNTY.

Whereas complaint hath this day been made to us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the said county, by William D. Cobb, of Jones county, that two negro slaves belonging to him, named Ben (commonly known by the name of Ben Fox), and Rigden, have absented themselves from their said master's service, and are lurking about in the counties of Lenoir and Jones, committing acts of felony—these are, in the name of the state, to command the said slaves forthwith to surrender themselves and return home to their said master. And we do hereby, by virtue of an act of the Assembly of this state, concerning servants and slaves, intimate and declare if the said slaves do not surrender themselves and return home to their master immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person may kill and destroy said slaves by such means as he or they think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offence for so doing, without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of November, 1856.

B. COLEMAN, J.P. (seal.)
JAMES JONES, J.P. (seal.)

The following was the law in reference to recapturing slaves in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, and Louisiana: "If any slave shall happen to be slain for refusing to surrender him or herself, or in resisting any person who shall endeavor to apprehend such slave or slaves, such person so killing such slave as aforesaid making resistance, shall be and is by this Act indemnified from any prosecution for such killing."

FIENDISH BRUTALITIES TOWARDS SLAVES.

The newspapers of the slave states in 1855-6-7 teemed with advertisements descriptive of runaway slaves. One had been "lacerated with a whip"—another, "severely bruised"—another, "a great many scars from the lash"—another, "several large scars on his back from severe whipping"—another "had an iron collar on his neck with a prong turned down—another has a "drawing chain fastened around his ankle"—another "was much marked with a branding iron"—another, a negress, "had an iron band around her neck," &c., &c. All these brutalities were permitted, if not authorized, by the slave code. Then came another class, which, if not authorized by law, were frequent and not prohibited: "Mary has a sore on her back and right arm, caused by a rifle ball"—another, "branded on the left jaw"—another, "has a soar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk of the

goodness of God"—"Sam has a sword cut lately received on his left arm"—Fanny has a scar on her left eye; a good many teeth missing; the letter 'A' branded with red-hot iron on her left cheek and forehead"—another, "scarred with the bites of dogs." "Runaway—A negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face—I tried to make the letter 'M.' Rachel had three toe-nails pulled out."

I could fill many pages with similar extracts from advertisements in papers and from handbills, in circulation in the slave states, in the old dark days. One case that came under my personal observation in Alabama, is only a specimen of many others that I could mention of a similar nature.

A Methodist local preacher, a slave owner, proposed illicit intercourse with a young female slave. She refused, he sent her to the overseer to be whipped, again she refused, and he sent her again to be whipped, again she refused, and again was whipped. He then ordered her to be branded on the cheek, with a red-hot iron, then she yielded to this adulterous wretch, who had not overstepped the limits of the slave laws of Alabama. In fact, the poor downtrodden slaves suffered all that wanton, grasping avarice, brutal lust, malignant spite, and insane anger, could inflict. Their happiness was the sport of every whim, and the prey of every passion.

Slavery was the cause of more suffering, than has followed from any other cause since the world began.

I was present at the burial of a female slave in Mississippi, who had been whipped to death by her master, for some trifling offence. While she was undergoing the punishment, she gave birth to a dead child, and mother and child were wrapped in old linen bagging and laid in the same grave—free at last!

OPINIONS OF JEFFERSON AND RANDOLPH—BOTH SLAVE-HOLDERS.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the "Declaration of Independence," made a clause to his last will, conferring freedom on his own slave offspring, as far as the Slave Code of Virginia permitted him to do it, supplying the lack of power by "humbly imploring the Legislature of Virginia to confirm the bequests with permission to remain in the state, where their families and connections are." Two of his daughters by an octoroon female slave were taken from Virginia to New Orleans, after Jefferson's death, and sold in the slave market at $1,500 each, to be used for unmentionable purposes. Both these unfortunate children of the author of the Declaration of Independence were quite white, their eyes blue and their hair long, soft, and auburn in color.

Both were highly educated and accomplished. The youngest daughter escaped from her master and committed suicide by drowning herself to escape the horrors of her position.

A land of liberty for white people, for slaveholders, was it, where Jefferson could not bequeath liberty to his own children? In Georgia, had he lived and died there, the "attempt" would have been an "offence" for which his estate would have been subjected to a fine of one thousand dollars, and each of his executors, in accepting the trust, a thousand more. In one of his letters Jefferson says, "when the measure of the slaves' tears, is full, when their groans have involved heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will listen to their distress."

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

John Randolph of Roanoke, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a native of Virginia, says:—"Avarice alone can drive, as it does drive, this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post-horses, whipped to death in a mail-coach."

"Ambition has its covert-slnts in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, but where are the trophies of avarice? The handcuff, the manacle the blood-stained cowhide! What man is worse received in society for being a hard master? Who

denies the right of a daughter or sister to such monsters ? " (Speech in Congress.)

Study this picture. Wholesale murder, barbarism and cruelty. The general prevalence of these in the highest circles, and no one regarding the perpetrators the worse for it, or shrinking back from the closest family affinity with the monsters !

THE CLERGY OF THE SLAVE STATES.

Every clergyman in the Slave States, either openly or passively, upheld human slavery. They maintained that slavery was a wise and beneficent institution devised by God for the protection and welfare of the negro race. These reverend pro-slavery champions resembled the priests of Juggernaut recommending the worship of their god by pointing to the wretches writhing and shrieking and expiring under his car. From a pro-slavery pamphlet, published by the Reverend James Smiley of the Amita Presbytery, Mississippi, I extract the following: "If slavery be a sin, and if the buying. selling and holding a slave be a sin, then three-fourths of all the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians of eleven states of this union are of the devil. They not only buy and sell slaves, but they arrest and restore runaway slaves, and justify their conduct by the Bible."

A SABBATH SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

Scarce had the solemn Sabbath bell
  Ceased quivering in the steeple;
Scarce had the parson to the desk
  Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer shaded street
  A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
  Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
  She heard the sweet hymn swelling;
O, pitying Christ! a refuge give,
  That poor one in Thy dwelling.

Like a scared fawn before the hounds
  Right up the aisle she glided;
While close behind her, whip in hand,
  A lank-haired hunter glided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
  To Heaven and Earth appealing;
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?
  Had woman's heart no feeling?

"Who dares profane this hour and day?"
  Cried out the angry pastor;
"Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
  And I'm her lord and master!

"I've law and gospel on my side,
  And who shall dare refuse me?"
Down came the parson, bowing low,
  "My good sir, pray, excuse me!

"Of course I know your right divine,
To own, and work, and whip her;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
Its sacred pages stumbling;
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knot,
The while his flock addressing;
The Scriptural claims of slavery,
With text on text impressing.

Shriek rose on shriek—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder;
I listened with hushed breath to hear
God answer with His thunder.

All still!—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking;
I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles loudly clanking.

My brain took fire; "Is this," I cried,
The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit; down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!

WHITTIER.

THE NATIONAL SACRIFICE.

No wonder it required an army of two millions of men (half of whom were slain) to rid the land of such a monstrous curse as human slavery. From the torture dens of the outraged, bruised and

beaten slaves the prayer for justice had reached the "god of battles," and the command had gone forth to that vile South Sodom to "let the oppressed go free," and slavery with its whips, fetters, chains, bloodhounds and red-hot branding irons, was swept away in rivers of blood.

SOME OF THE DANGERS ATTENDING MY CRUSADE.

In all the Slave States there were laws for the enforcement of severe penalties for interference with the institution of slavery. Senator Preston of Virginia declared in his place in the U. S. Senate that "any person uttering abolition sentiments in the Slave States would be hanged." In Louisiana the laws read as follows: "If any person shall in any language hold any conversation tending to promote discontent among the slaves, he may be imprisoned from three to twenty years; or he may suffer death at the direction of the court." In Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi the same laws existed. In North Carolina, the pillory and whipping for the first offence, and death for the second offence. In Virginia, for the first offence, thirty-nine lashes; the second offence, death.

From Gerrit Smith I obtained much valuable and interesting information as to the workings of the different organizations having for their object the liberation from bondage of the slaves of the

South. He accompanied me to Boston, New York. Philadelphia and Longwood, the home of Hannah Cox, whose house was always open to the poor slaves flying from their pursuers, and whose heart warmly sympathised with every means for the liberation of the oppressed.

During these visits I became acquainted with many liberty-loving men and women, whose time, talents, and means were devoted to the cause of freedom. The contact with such earnest minds, imbued with an undying hatred and detestation of that foul blot on the escutchon of their country, served to strengthen my resolution and fortify me for the labor before me. I was initiated into a knowledge of the methods to circulate information among the slaves of the South; the routes to be taken, after reaching the so-called Free States, and the relief posts, where shelter and aid for transportation could be obtained. My excellent friend also accompanied me to Ohio and Indiana, where I made the personal acquaintance of friends in those states who at risk of life and property gave shelter to the fugitives, and assisted them to reach Canada.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in his life of Gerrit Smith, says:

"Alexander M. Ross, of Canada, whose remarkable exploits in running off slaves caused such consternation in the southern states, was in communication with Gerrit Smith from first to last, was aided by him in his preparation with information and

counsel, and had a close understanding with him in regard to his course of procedure. Both these men made the rescue of slaves a personal matter."

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

The poor fugitive who had run the gauntlet of slave hunters and bloodhounds, was not safe even after he had crossed the boundary line between the Slave and the Free States, for the slave drivers of the South and their allies, the democrats of the North, controlled the United States Government at that time, and under the provisions of the iniquitous "Fugitive Slave law," the North was compelled to act as a police officer, for the capture and return to slavery of fugitives from the Slave States.

DIFFERENT VIEWS AMONG ABOLITIONISTS.

While there existed among all true abolitionists a sincere desire to aid the oppressed people of the Slave States, there was much diversity of opinion as to the means to be adopted for their liberation from bondage.

Garrison, Whittier, Lucretia Mott, and all the members of the Society of Friends, were opposed to violent measures, such as would result in bloodshed. Their efforts were confined to the public discussion of the wrongs of the slave, and the iniquity and injustice of human slavery. On the other hand, Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, Joshua R. Giddings,

John Brown, and many others, equally sincere and noble men and women, actively or passively aided and abetted every effort to liberate the slaves from their bondage. It is almost needless for me to say that, while I sympathized with every man and woman who desired the freedom of the slave, my views accorded with those who believed human slavery to be such a monstrous wrong and injustice, that any measure, no matter how violent, was justifiable in so holy a cause as the liberation of those held in bondage.

MY ANTI-SLAVERY PRINCIPLES.

The principles that animated, impelled, and controlled my actions as an abolitionist, may briefly be summed up as follows:—

1. That every innocent human being has an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

2. That no government, nation, or individual, has any right to deprive an innocent human being of his or her inalienable rights.

3. That a man held against his will as a slave has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.

4. That it is the natural right of a slave to develop this right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.

5. That the freeman has a natural right to help the slaves to recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.

6. That it is the natural duty of a freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of this liberty, and as a means to that end, to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural right to freedom.

7. That the performance of this duty is to be controlled only by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves.



"Remember them in bonds."

CHAPTER III.

1856-59.

Agent of the Underground Railway—Into the Land of Bondage—On Guard—Seven Candidates for Freedom—Startling News—Twelve Hundred Dollars Reward—A Poor Negro Spurns the Reward—A Female Fugitive—Safe on the Soil of Canada——Meet with John Brown—His Disappointments—"Old Brown's Farewell"—Character of John Brown—News from the South—Keeping Quiet—Off to New Orleans—At Work in the Gulf States—Near Vicksburg—Sowing Seed at Selma—Into the Jaws of Death—Manacled and in Prison—A Desperate Situation—Fidelity of a Slave—Released—Two Passengers by Underground Railway—Leave for Other Fields—At Work Near Augusta—Fidelity of the Quakers—Eleven Followers of the North Star—Exciting News—In Washington—Fugitives from Alabama.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

In Philadelphia I made the necessary preparations for my work in the Southern States. My good friend Gerrit Smith was my faithful and principal supporter in this my first effort to help the slaves to freedom.

In undertaking this mission I did not disguise from myself the dangers I would most certainly have to encounter, and the certainty that a speedy and perhaps cruel death would be my lot, in case my plans and purposes were discovered. And not

only would my life be exposed, but the lives of those I sought to help. My anti-slavery friends in Boston and Philadelphia warned me of the dangers that were in my path and some of them urged me to seek other and less dangerous channels wherein to aid the oppressed.

I felt convinced, ever, that the only effectual way to help the slaves was to aid them to escape from bondage. To accomplish that it was necessary to go to them, advise them, and give them practical assistance. For, with but few exceptions, the slaves were in absolute ignorance of everything beyond the boundary of their plantation or town. The circulation of information among the oppressed would also tend to excite a spirit of inquiry and create a feeling of independence which ultimately might lead to insurrection and the destruction of the institution of slave in the United States. Before leaving Philadelphia, it was mutually arranged between my friends and myself, in respect to confidential correspondence, that the term "hardware" was to signify males and "dry goods" females. I was to notify my friend in Philadelphia (if possible) whenever a package of "hardware" or of "dry goods" was started for freedom, and he in turn warned the friends in Ohio and Pennsylvania to be on the lookout for runaways. My name was dropped, and others assumed to meet the emergency of the occasion. My communications with the outside

world were in cipher and confined to one individual with many names. These precautions were deemed absolutely necessary for my personal safety and success in my hazardous task. My appearances and disappearances were so uncertain and mysterious that my northern friends were accustomed to call me the "Man of Mystery," while in the south a much more sulphurous title was accorded me.

INTO THE LAND OF BONDAGE.

Fully equipped, I crossed the Potomac and entered the land of bondage. On my arrival in Richmond I went to the house of a gentleman to whom I had been directed and who was known at the north to be an abolitionist.

I spent a few days in quietly determining upon the best plans to adopt.

THE WORK BEGUN.

Having finally decided upon my course, I invited a number of the most intelligent, active, and reliable slaves to meet me at the house of a colored preacher, on a Sunday evening.

TALK TO FORTY-TWO SLAVES.

On the night appointed, forty-two slaves came to hear what prospect there was for their escape from

bondage. I took each by the hand, asked their name, age and whether married or single.

I had never before at one time seen so many colored men together, and I was struck with their individuality and general kindness and consideration for each other. I explained to them my object and purpose in visiting the Slave States, the various routes from Virginia to Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the names of friends in border towns who would help them on to Canada. I requested them to circulate this information discreetly among all upon whom they could rely. Thus each of my hearers went forth an agent in the good work. I then told them that if any of their number desired to make the attempt to gain their freedom, in the face of all the obstacles and dangers in their path, to come to the same house on the following Sunday evening, prepared to take the "underground railroad" to Canada.

NINE FUGITIVES FROM BONDAGE.

On the evening appointed, nine stout, intelligent young men had declared their determination to gain their freedom or die in the attempt. I carefully explained to them the route and the names of friends along the border upon whom they could rely for shelter and assistance. I never met more apt students than these poor fellows, and their "yes

massa, I know it now" was assurance that they did. They were only to travel by night, resting in some secure spot during the day.

Their route was to be through Pennsylvania or Ohio, to Erie, or Cleveland, on Lake Erie, and from thence across the Lake to Canada. I bid them good-bye with an anxious heart, for well I knew the dangers they would have to encounter. I learned many months after that they all had arrived safely in Canada. Three of these brave fellows enlisted in a colored regiment, for service in the war that gave freedom to their race. Two of my Richmond pupils were married men, and left behind wives and children. The wife of one made her escape, and reached Canada within six months after her husband gained his liberty.

AT WORK IN NASHVILLE.

The day following the departure of my little band of fugitives from Richmond, I left for Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, which I decided should be my next field of labor. On arriving in Nashville I went direct to the residence of a Quaker lady well-known for her humane and charitable disposition toward the colored people. When I informed her of my success in Richmond, and that I intended to pursue the same course in Nashville, she expressed great anxiety for my safety, but finding that I was determined to make the attempt, she sent for

an old free negro and advised me to trust him implicitly. This good man was nearly eighty years of age, and had the confidence of all the colored people for miles around Nashville. He lived a short distance outside the city limits. At his house he preached to such of the slaves as were disposed and could attend every Sunday evening. I requested him to invite as many reliable and intelligent slaves as he could to meet at his house on the next Sunday evening. On the evening appointed, thirteen fine able-bodied men assembled to see and hear an abolitionist. Never have I met more intelligent looking colored men than those that composed my little audience on that occasion: their ages ranged from eighteen to thirty. Some were very black, while others were mulattoes, and two of them had straight hair and were light-coloured.

ON GUARD.

My host volunteered to stand guard outside the house to prevent interruption and to intercept any unfriendly or evil-minded callers. I talked to my hearers earnestly and practically, explaining the condition and prospects of the colored people in Canada, and the obstacles and dangers they would have to encounter on the way to that land of refuge. No lecturer ever had a more intensely earnest audience than I had that evening. I gathered the brave fel-

lows around me so that I could look each in the face and give emphasis to my instructions. In conclusion I told them that I should remain in Nashville until after the following Sunday evening, when as many as felt disposed to make the attempt to gain their freedom would find me at the same house at 9 p.m. I requested those who decided to leave on that night to inform their old friends before the next Friday, that I might make some necessary provision for their long and perilous journey.

Early in the week I received word from five, and by Friday evening two more had decided to make the attempt to obtain the precious boon of liberty. At nine o'clock on the Sunday evening appointed I was promptly at the house of my friend. He again stood guard. It was nearly 10 o'clock when I heard the signal agreed upon, "scratching upon the door," I unlocked the door, when in stepped four men, followed soon after by three others; they were all married. I asked each if he had fully determined to make the attempt, and receiving an affirmative reply I again carefully explained to them the routes to be taken, the dangers they might expect to encounter, and the friends upon whom they could call for aid.

SEVEN CANDIDATES FOR FREEDOM.

At midnight I bade them good-bye and these brave-hearted fellows with tears in their eyes and

hearts swelling with hope, started for the land of freedom. I advised them to travel by night only, and to keep together if possible.

Next morning I called upon my Quaker friend, and informed her of the result of my labors in Nashville. She expressed her delight and satisfaction. But feared for my safety if I remained in the city after the escape of the slaves became known.

STARTLING NEWS.

As I was passing the post office a man handed me a small printed bill which announced the escape of thirteen slaves from Richmond, but nine only were described, together with the names of their owners. A reward of $1000 was offered for their capture and return to Richmond. I now thought it time to leave for other fields of labor.

Early next day I bade farewell to my kind Quaker friend and started for Memphis. On my arrival there I sought the house of an anti-slavery man to whom I had been directed. He was absent from home, but his good wife received me kindly and urged me to make her house my home during my stay in the city. I felt, however, that I had no right to expose the family to trouble and suspicion in case I got into difficulty. I consequently went to a hotel; being tired and weary laid down on a couch to rest, and must have fallen asleep, for I was

aroused by the shouting of a newsboy under my window. The burthen of his cry was the escape of several slaves from Nashville in one night. I raised the window and told the boy to bring a paper to my room. It contained the following item of interest to me :—

"TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

"Great excitement in Nashville ; escape of seven first-class slave men by the aid of an abolitionist, who has been seen in the city for several days. Three hundred dollars reward is offered for the capture and return of each of the slaves, and twelve hundred dollars for the apprehension of the 'accursed abolitionist.'" Then followed a description of the slaves, and a very good description of myself, considering that I kept very close during my stay in Nashville. At a glance I saw the danger of my position, and determined to leave the hotel at once. Returning to the house I had first visited, I made enquiries for the residence of a colored man upon whom my colored friend in Nashville told me I could rely. Having received the proper direction, I went to his humble dwelling and was cordially welcomed on mentioning the name of his old friend at Nashville.

THE PROPERTY
SCARBORO MECHANICS
INSTITUTE

A NOBLE MAN.

He was a fine-looking man, with honest eyes, open countenance, and of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his race. I handed him the paper and pointed to the reward for my apprehension. When he read it, he grasped my hand, and said, "Massa, I'll die for you; what shall we do?"

The paper which contained the exciting news also contained the announcement that a steamer would leave for St. Louis that night at nine o'clock. It was now three. Six long hours to remain in the very jaws of death!

I determined to leave, if possible, on that steamer, and asked permission to remain in his house until the arrival of the boat. The noble fellow placed his house and all he possessed at my command.

A POOR NEGRO SPURNS THE REWARD.

This poor despised negro held in his hand a paper offering a reward of $1,200 for my capture. He was a laboring man, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and yet I felt perfectly safe, and implicitly trusted this poor negro with my life. In fact, I felt safer in his house than I should have felt in the house of a certain vice-president of the United States, who in more recent times sold him-

self for a similar amount. This poor oppressed negro had everything to gain by surrendering me into the hands of the slave-masters, and yet he spurned the reward, and was faithful to the trust I reposed in him. On many occasions I have placed my life in the hands of colored men without the slightest hesitation or fear of betrayal.

A FEMALE FUGITIVE.

Night was approaching and my friend suggested the propriety of changing my dress. While engaged making these alterations, I overheard an animated conversation in an adjoining room between my host and a female. The woman earnestly begged him to ask me to take her to Canada where her husband then was. The poor man told her my life was already in great danger, and if she was seen with me it would render my escape more difficult, but still she continued to beg. When I had completed my change of appearance, he came into the room and told me that a slave woman who had lately fled from her master on account of his cruelty to her was in the house and wished to speak to me. She was a light mulatto of bright, intelligent appearance. She told me of the escape of her husband to Canada about two years previously and her master's cruelty in beating her because she refused to marry a negro whom he had selected for her

She showed me her back which was still raw and seamed with gashes where the lash of her cruel master's whip had ploughed up her flesh. She earnestly besought me to take her to Canada. I determined to make the attempt, and told my host to dress her in male attire, that she might accompany me in the capacity of valet. The poor woman was soon ready for the journey. I named her "Sam," and myself Mr. Smith, of Kentucky. At half past eight, p.m., we left the house of my faithful friend for the boat, "Sam" walking behind me and carrying my valise. Through some cause or other, the boat was detained until near eleven o'clock. Oh what hours of misery! Every minute filled with apprehensions of disaster not only to myself but to the poor fugitive depending on me. No one not similarly placed can imagine the anxiety and dread that filled my mind during this long delay. The moments passed so slowly that they seemed hours. "Sam" stood near me looking as anxious as I felt. At length we got aboard the boat. I secured tickets for myself and servant for St. Louis, and when the boat left the levee I breathed freer than I had done for several hours. I reached St. Louis without the occurrence of any incident of importance and sent a telegram to my friend in Philadelphia to be on the lookout for "hardware" from Tennessee. Resting in St. Louis for a few hours I left for Chicago, accompanied

by my happy valet whose frequent question, "Massa, is we near Canada yet?" kept me continually on the alert to prevent our exposure.

ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO WITH A CHATTEL.

When we reached Chicago I took my servant to the house of an abolitionist, where she was properly cared for. It was deemed prudent that she should wear male attire until she reached Canada, for it occasionally happened that fugitives were caught in Detroit, and taken back to bondage after having come in sight of the land of promise. Their proximity to a safe refuge from their taskmasters, and from the operations of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, rendered them careless in their manner, and so happy in appearance, that they were frequently arrested on suspicion by the minions of the United States Government, ever on the watch to obey the behests of the slave power. After a few hours' rest in Chicago, I left with my charge for Detroit, where I arrived in due time on the following day, and taking a hack, drove to a friend's house in the suburbs of the city. Here I made arrangements to be rowed across the river to Canada, as soon as darkness would render the passage safe. I also sent telegrams to friends in London, Chatham, and Amherstburg, to ascertain the whereabouts of her

husband, and finally heard that he was living in London.

SAFE ON THE SOIL OF CANADA.

At night the poor fugitive and myself were taken silently across the river that separated the land of freedom from the land of slavery. Not a word was spoken until we reached the soil of Canada. I then told her that she was a free woman, that no one could now deprive her of her right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." I conveyed her to the house of a friend, and on the following day she went to London, where she and her husband were reunited after a separation of two years. Returning to Detroit, I took the train for Cleveland. There I received a telegram from Boston stating that Capt. John Brown of Kansas would meet me in Cleveland in a day or two, and that he desired to confer with me on a subject connected with the anti-slavery cause.

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BROWN.

On the evening of my third day in Cleveland, whilst seated in my room at the hotel, a gentle tap at my door aroused me. I said, "Come in." The door opened, and a plain, farmer-like man, with a countenance strongly indicative of intelligence, coolness, tenacity of purpose and honesty, entered the room. He appeared about five feet ten inches in height,

of slender but wiry and tough frame; his glance was keen, steady and honest; his step lithe and firm. He was, although simply and plainly dressed, a man of remarkable appearance. He introduced himself as "John Brown, of Kansas," and handed me letters from friends in Boston. Captain Brown remained with me nearly all night, eagerly listening to a narrative of my trip through Virginia and Tennessee, and in relating incidents connected with his labors in Kansas. His manner and conversation had a magnetic influence, which rendered him very attractive and stamped him as a man of more than ordinary coolness, tenacity of purpose, and devotion to what he considered right. No idle, profane, or immodest word fell from his lips. During our interview he related many incidents of his life bearing upon the subject of slavery. He said he had for many years been studying the guerilla system of warfare adopted in the mountainous portions of Europe, and by that system he could, with a small body of picked men, inaugurate and maintain a guerilla war in the mountains of the slave states which would cause so much annoyance to the United States Government, and create such a feeling of dread and insecurity in the minds of slaveholders, that they would ultimately be glad to "let the oppressed go free." He maintained that the only way to successfully attack the institution of slavery was, by conveying to the slaves such in-

formation as would aid them in making their escape to Canada, and by exciting in their minds a desire for knowledge, which would enable them to combine in a struggle for freedom. He had little faith in the efficacy of moral suasion with slaveholders. He very properly placed them in the same catogory with thieves and murderers.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

John Brown was now returning to the west, from the eastern states, where he had been for several weeks trying to collect means to carry on the struggle for freedom in Kansas. He had met with disappointment, and felt it most keenly. He had sacrificed his own peace and comfort, and the peace and comfort of his family, in obedience to his sincere convictions of duty toward the oppressed people of the south, while those who had the means to help him make war upon the oppressors, were lukewarm or declined to aid him in his warfare. During our conversation he handed me a piece of paper, on which he had written the following, which he said he indited with the object of having it published before leaving Boston, but had been persuaded not to do it :—

"OLD BROWN'S FAREWELL"

"To the [illegible]outh Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"He has left for Kansas. Has been trying since he came out of the Territory to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas, and he leaves the States with a feeling of deepest sadness, that after exhausting his own small means, and, with his family and his brave men, suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in irons with extreme cruel treatment, and others death; that after lying on the ground for months, in the most sickly, unwholesome and uncomfortable places, some of the time sick and wounded, destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves, sustained in part by Indians, that after all this, in order to sustain a cause which every man in this 'glorious republic' (?) is under equal moral obligations to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God; a cause in which every man woman and child of the entire human family has a deep, awful interest; that when no wages are asked or expected, he cannot secure amidst all the wealth, luxury and extravagance of this 'Heaven exalted people,' even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. 'How are the mighty fallen!'"

To George L. Stearns of Boston, and his noble wife, are due the honor and glory of having supplied the financial wants of John Brown, which enabled him to make his heroic onslaught, that kindled the flame which devoured the institution of slavery and gave freedom to millions of slaves.

CHARACTER OF JOHN BROWN.

I have been in the presence of many men called great and distinguished, but never have I met a more remarkable man than Captain John Brown. There was manifest in all he said and did an absorbing intensity of purpose controlled by lofty moral principles. He was not a religionist, but he was a Christian.

JOHN BROWN'S ANCESTRY.

The following items I gathered during our interesting interview. John Brown was born in Torrington, Conn., on the 9th of May, 1800. He was by occupation a farmer, and the fifth by descent from Peter Brown, one of the brave exiles, who, on the 22nd of December, 1660, knelt at Plymouth Rock and expressed gratitude and joy for their preservation from the dangers of the deep, during their passage from England in the Mayflower.

It was in 1839 that John Brown first conceived the idea of becoming a liberator of the southern slaves; he had seen every right of the colored people in the south ruthlessly trodden under the feet of the tyrannical Slave Power. He saw slavery blighting and blasting the manhood of the nation, and he listened to the voice of the poor that cried. He heard Washington loudly praised, but he saw no

helper of the bondman. He saw the people building the sepulchres of the fathers of '76, but lynching and murdering the prophets that were sent unto them. He believed that "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." But the slaves were scattered, closely watched, and prevented from assembling to conspire, without arms, apparently overpowered, at the mercy of every traitor, knowing the white man only as their foe. Seeing everywhere and always that the negroes, in order to arise and strike a blow for liberty, needed a positive sign that they had friends among the dominant race, who sympathized with them, believed in their right to freedom, and were ready to aid them in their attempt to obtain it, John Brown determined to let them know that they had friends, and prepared himself to lead them to liberty.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

The excitement in Richmond and Nashville consequent upon the escape of so many valuable slaves extended to all the surrounding country. In the reading-room of the hotel at Cleveland, Ohio, I picked up a Richmond paper, which contained a lengthy account of the escape of slaves from Richmond, Nashville, and other parts of the south. The writer stated that a general impression prevailed in that community that a regularly organized band of abo-

litionists existed in the south, which supplied the negroes with information and means of escape to Canada. The authorities were urged to offer a large reward for the apprehension of the "cursed negro thieves" that infested the south, and that an example be made of those who were caught, that would forever deter others from interference with their constitutional rights.

KEEPING QUIET.

I concluded it was better for the cause I was trying to serve that no further attempt should be made until the present excitement in the south quieted down. So I went to Philadelphia.

During my stay in that city, I was busily occupied in collecting statistics of the slave populations of particular locations in the Cotton States, and in consulting with friends and acquaintances as to the best methods of circulating information among the slaves in that region.

Any one acquainted with the institution of slavery as it existed in the Gulf States, will fully appreciate the difficulties that environed such a crusade as I now contemplated—that of conveying directly to the slaves a knowledge of the best routes, the distances to be traversed, difficulties to be overcome, and the fact that they had friends in the border states to whom they could apply for aid, and on

whom they could implicity rely for aid to forward them to Canada. Of all the dangers to myself that loomed up before my mind, the last and least was the fear of betrayal by the slaves.

Once they became assured of your friendship and your desire to help them to escape from bondage, they would willingly suffer torture or death to save you. Such at least has been my experience with the negroes of the Slave States.

OFF TO NEW ORLEANS.

My preparations being now completed, I engaged passage by steamer to New Orleans, on a mission the subject and details of which had occupied my mind exclusively for many weeks. I was accompanied to the steamer by two steadfast friends of freedom. One of these friends, Gerrit Smith, had been my principal supporter and active and unflinching friend from the commencement of my career as an abolitionist. In many parts of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Pennsylvania, we had fast friends, in the majority of cases, belonging to the Society of Friends, whose doors were always open to the poor fugitive from bondage, and whose hearts were open to the fugitive's appeal for help.

SLAVE AUCTIONS.

During my stay in New Orleans I occasionally attended the slave auctions. The scenes I witnessed

there will never be effaced from my memory. The cries and heart-rending agonies of the poor creatures as they were sold, and separated from parents, husbands, children or wives, will never cease to ring in my ears. Babes were torn from the arms of their mothers and sold, while parents were separated and sent to distant parts of the country. Tired and overworked women were cruelly beaten because they refused the outrageous demands of their wicked overseers. The brutal and obscene examinations of female slaves by lecherous and base men, while the poor victims dare not raise a hand to resist, was not the worst that transpired in the slave pens. The horrid traffic in human beings, many of them much whiter and more intelligent than the cruel men who bought and sold them, was, without exception, the most monstrous outrage on the rights of human beings that could possibly be imagined.

A Christian: going, gone:
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said whatso'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again.

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thy altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long, O God, how long?

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet.*

AT WORK IN THE GULF STATES.

Finally my preparations were completed, and I began my journey into the dark land. The route decided upon was from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and thence through the interior of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Florida. I had never before visited that portion of the United States, and my field of labor was consequently surrounded by difficulties not experienced during my visit to Virginia and Tennesee, from the fact that I had not a single friend in the Cotton States on whom I could rely.

AT WORK NEAR VICKSBURG.

From Vicksburg I made frequent visits to the surrounding plantations, seizing every favorable opportunity to converse with the more intelligent of the slaves. Many of these negroes had heard of Canada from the negroes brought from Virginia and the border Slave States, but the impression they had was that Canada was so far away it would be useless to try and reach it. On these excursions I was usually accompanied by one or two smart, intelligent slaves, to whom I felt I could entrust the secret of my visit. In this way I succeeded in circulating a knowledge of Canada, and the best means of reaching that country, to all the plantations for many miles around Vicksburg. I was often surprised at the rapidity with which information was conveyed to the slaves of distant plantations. Thus on every plantation I had missionaries who were secretly conveying intelligence to the poor down-trodden slaves of that benighted region, that in Canada there were hundreds of negroes who had through the aid of friends along the border escaped from slavery, and were now free men and women. No one but a slave can fully appreciate the true meaning of the word "freedom." I continued my labors in the vicinity of Vicksburg for several weeks and then went to Selma, Alabama.

SOWING SEED AT SELMA.

I made this place my base for extensive incursions to the surrounding country. There was not a plantation within fifteen miles of Selma that I did not visit successfully.

IN A DANGEROUS POSITION.

Having completed my labors at Selma, I selected a small town in Mississippi, for my next field of labor. I had been at work about two weeks, when a difficulty occurred which, but for the faithfulness of a negro, would have ended in my death, at the hands of an infuriated mob. During one of my visits to a plantation I met a negro slave of more than ordinary intelligence. His master was a man of coarse and brutal instincts, who had burned the initials of his name into the flesh of several of his slaves, to render their capture more certain in case they attempted to run away from this merciless wretch. I saw several of the victims of his cruelty, whose backs would forever bear the marks of his branding iron and lash. He was a veritable "Legree."

On one of my excursions over his plantation, I was accompanied by the slave mentioned. During our rambles he gave me a history of his life and sufferings, and expressed an earnest desire to gain his

freedom. I felt that he could be relied upon, and imparted to him the secret object of my visit to the South. He listened with absorbing interest, whilst I explained to him the difficulties and dangers he would have to encounter on so long and perilous a journey. He, however, declared his determination to make the attempt, saying that death itself was preferable to his present existence. On the following day (Saturday) I again visited the plantation, and selected this slave for my companion. He informed me he had decided to start for Canada as soon as he could communicate with a brother who was a slave on a plantation a few miles distant. He wished to take his brother with him, if possible. I gave him instructions for his guidance after he should cross the Ohio, and the names of friends at Evansville, Ind., and Cleveland, Ohio, to whom he could apply for assistance. I directed him to travel by night only until he reached friends north of the Ohio river.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

On the following Monday evening, whilst seated at the supper table of the hotel at which I was stopping, I heard loud and excited talking in the adjoining room. In a few minutes the landlord came to me and said, "Col. —— wishes to speak with you. You had better go and meet him." I immediately

rose and went into the room from which the loud talking emanated. As I entered, the Colonel, in a loud and brutal tone, said, "That's him, arrest him." Upon which a man stepped up and said, "You are my prisoner." I demanded the reason why I was arrested, whereupon the doughty Colonel strode toward me, with his fist clenched, and charged me with being a d——d abolitionist. He said he would have my heart's blood; that I had enticed away his nigger "Joe," for the nigger had not been seen since he went out with me on the previous Saturday. The room was filled with an excited crowd of men, who glared upon me with fierce and fiendish looks. I tried to keep cool, but I confess I felt that my labors were ended. I knew the character of the Colonel, and also knew that he possessed much influence with the worst class of Southerners of that section.

MANACLED AND IN PRISON.

In the meantime the constable had produced a pair of iron handcuffs, and fastened them around my wrists. After the Colonel had exhausted his supply of curses and coarse abuse upon me—for the purpose of inciting the crowd to hang me—I quietly asked if they would allow me to say a few words, at the same time making a Masonic sign of distress in hope that there might be a Mason in the crowd with sufficient courage to sustain my request.

I had no sooner made "the sign of distress" than a voice near me said, "Yes, let's hear what he has got to say. He ought to be allowed to speak." I was encouraged, and very quietly said, "Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, without friends. I am your prisoner in irons. The Colonel has charged me with violating your laws, will you act the part of cowards by allowing this man to incite you to commit a murder? Or will you, like brave men grant the only request I have to make, that is, a fair trial before your magistrates?" Several persons at once spoke up in my favor.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

A crowd of people had gathered to see an abolitionist have the mockery of a trial. "Col. Legree" was asked by the Justice to state his case, which he did in true slave-driving style, as if determined to force his case against me. My case seemed hopeless. I saw no way of escape from my desperate situation. I was surrounded on every side by men thirsting for my blood, and anxious to vindicate the outraged laws of the State of Mississippi. At length the Colonel finished his statement, which, reduced to simple facts, was that I had called at his residence on Saturday last, and requested permission to roam over his plantation, that he had given me permission, and allowed his servant "Joe" to accompany me, that "Joe" had not returned nor could he be found,

that he was sure I had aided him to escape, and demanded of the Justice that I should be punished as a "negro thief" deserved. His remarks were loudly applauded by the slave-hounds that surrounded him. The Justice turned to me, and in a loud voice said, "Have you anything to say?" At this moment a voice outside the room shouted, "Here's Joe, here's Joe," and a rush was made toward the door.

FIDELITY OF A SLAVE.

"Joe" was ushered into the court-room and fell on his knees before the Colonel asking his forgiveness for leaving the plantation without permission. He said he wanted to see his brother "powerful bad," and had gone to the plantation on which his brother was living, about eight miles distant, on Saturday night, expecting to return by Sunday evening, but having sprained his ankle he could not move until Monday evening, when he started for home, travelling nearly all night. As soon as he reached the Colonel's he was told of my arrest, and early that morning he had come into town to save me. The Justice ordered the constable to release me and expressed his regret that I had been subjected to so much annoyance.

RELEASED.

The Colonel was completely chopfallen at the turn affairs had taken. I was surrounded by sev-

eral good Masonic friends, who expressed their gratification at my release. I addressed the Colonel, saying, that as he had put me to much inconvenience and trouble, I claimed a favor of him. He asked what it was. I begged him not to punish "Joe" for what he had done, and to allow me to present the brave fellow with a gift as a mark of gratitude for his fidelity to me. As these favors were asked in the presence of the crowd, he could not very well refuse my request. He sulkily promised that "Joe" should not be punished, and said if I pleased I might make him a present. I then handed "Joe" some money, for which he looked a thousand thanks. I was thus able to evince my gratitude for what he had done for me, and at the same time present him with the means to aid him in escaping from bondage.

Two years after this occurrence, while dining at the American Hotel in Boston, I observed a colored waiter eyeing me very closely; at length he recognized me and asked if I remembered him. It was "Joe," my saviour, the former slave of "Colonel Legree." I grasped the noble fellow's hand, and congratulated him upon his escape from bondage. In the evening I invited him into the parlour and introduced him to several anti-slavery friends, to whom I narrated the incidents above related. "Joe" subsequently gave me the following particulars of his escape from slavery:

On the Sunday evening following my arrest and

acquittal, his brother joined him in a piece of woods near the Colonel's plantation, where he had secreted sufficient food to last them several days.

TWO PASSENGERS BY THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

At midnight they started together, moving as rapidly as they could through the fields and woods, keeping the north star in front of them. Whenever it was possible, they walked in the creeks and marshy grounds, to throw the slave-hunters off their tracks. Thus night after night they kept on their way weary, hungry, and sore-footed. On the morning of the seventeenth day of their freedom, they reached the Ohio river, nearly opposite a large town; all day they lay secreted in the bushes, at night they crossed the river in a small boat and travelled rapidly, taking a north-easterly course. After enduring many hardships they reached Cleveland, Ohio, and went to the house of a friend whose name I had given "Joe." They were kindly received and supplied with clothing and other comforts. Resting a week, they were sent to Canada, where "Joe's" brother still lives (1890).

LEAVE FOR OTHER FIELDS.

On the day following my release from peril I was conveyed to Iuka, a station on the Charleston and Memphis railroad. There I purchased a through

ticket for New York, which I took pains to exhibit to the landlord of the hotel, so that in case I was pursued (as I certainly would be, if "Joe " and his brother succeeded in escaping), he would state the fact that I had bought tickets for New York, which would probably check their pursuit. From Iuka I went to Huntsville, Alabama, where for a short time I was busy circulating information among the slaves.

AT WORK IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Learning that Augusta was favorably situated for my work, and that the slaves in that section were sharp and intelligent, I determined to make that city my next field of labor. Having secured a home with a Quaker family, I was soon actively engaged in becoming acquainted with the more intelligent colored people of that section.

FIDELITY OF THE QUAKERS.

Among the religious denominations of the south, none were more faithful to the principles of freedom, or to the dictates of humanity in respect to slavery, than the friends called "Quakers." Wherever I have met the members of that society, whether in the north or south, they have always proved themselves friends in deed as well as in name. They could always be implicitly trusted by the poor fugitives from bondage. I know of many instances

where at great sacrifice and risk they have shielded the outcasts from their pursuers—the slave-hunters and United States marshals. Hundreds of the negroes of Canada will bear testimony to the unfailing fidelity of the peaceful and worthy Quakers.

ELEVEN FOLLOWERS OF THE NORTH STAR.

In Augusta I succeeded in equipping a party of eleven fine, active, intelligent slaves for the long, dangerous and weary journey to the north. No one, unless engaged in similar work, can appreciate the extreme delicacy of my position. There was not a day, in fact scarcely an hour, that I did not live in expectation of exposure and death. The system of keen and constant espionage in practice throughout the slave states, rendered it exceedingly necessary to exercise the greatest prudence in approaching the slaves. If a stranger was seen in conversation with a slave he became at once an object of suspicion. I found by experience that a frank, bold, and straightforward course was the safest and best. I was greatly aided in my work here by a remarkably intelligent mulatto, the son of a U.S. Senator by a female slave. This man was chosen leader of the band of fugitives from Augusta, and under his leadership the whole party arrived safely in Canada in less than two months from the time they escaped from bondage. Two members of the party are now living in Canada, and in good circumstances. Im-

mediately after the exodus of these brave fellows, I quietly left the scene of my labors and went to Charleston, S.C.

EXCITING NEWS.

A few days after my arrival, one of the Charleston papers contained a despatch from Augusta, which stated that several first-class negro men had disappeared from that place within a week, and that a very general impression prevailed that abolitionists were at work exciting negroes to escape from their masters. I left Charleston that evening and went to Raleigh, N.C. While at breakfast next morning two gentlemen seated near me entered into conversation relative to the escape of slaves from Augusta. One of them remarked that an Englishman who had been stopping in Augusta for several weeks was suspected of doing the mischief, and that it was supposed he had gone with the fugitives, as he had not been seen since the slaves were missed; but if he should be caught, no mercy would be shown him, as it was time to make an example of the nigger-thieves that infested the south. I lost no time, obviously, and left by the first train for Washington.

IN WASHINGTON.

During my stay in Washington I was the guest of Charles Sumner, at whose house I met many dis-

tinguished people, who evinced a warm and appreciative interest in my labors. The slave-holders at that period held the balance of power in the United States, and the northern Democrats were used by them to tighten the bonds that bound the colored people of the south in the chains of slavery. The slave-masters were not satisfied with the recognized boundaries of their institution, and sought by every device to obtain some portion of the new territories of the south-west to which they could carry their vile institution. Northern men of the Douglas and Seymour stamp were willing to yield to the slave lords, and even sacrifice the dearest interests of their country, providing they could advance their individual claims to the presidency. The haughty and outrageous demands of Davis, Mason and Toombs were abetted by the cowardly Democratic politicians of the north. Towering above these contemptible political demagogues stood Charles Sumner, the brave champion of freedom. No prospect of political advancement could tempt him from the path of duty, nor could the brutal threats and assaults of his cowardly opponents, cause him to halt in his warfare for the rights of man.

On my arrival in Philadelphia I laid before my anti-slavery friends a report of my work. One venerable and talented Quaker lady, at whose house our reunion took place, and whose name has long been identified with the cause of human freedom,

tendered me the congratulations of the society on my safe return from the land of darkness and despair.

FUGITIVES FROM HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

While in Philadelphia a telegram was received from a friend in Evansville, Ind., informing me that two fugitives had arrived there in a most pitiable condition, their emaciated bodies bearing the marks of many a bruise. I at once went to Evansville to render them such aid as I could. They were delighted to meet me again, and recalled an interview they had with me at Huntsville, Alabama. The poor fellows were kindly cared for, and after a few days' rest, continued their journey to Canada, prepared to defend their right to own themselves against whoever might dispute it. The route travelled by these fugitives from Huntsville to the Ohio river was marked with their blood. Their escape was soon discovered and persistent efforts were made to capture them. They were followed for two days by bloodhounds that were placed on their tracks, but which they succeeded in eluding by wading in the creeks and marshes; for forty-eight hours the deep baying of the hounds was frequently heard. They travelled by night only, taking the north star for their guide, and by day rested in secluded places. Their sufferings from hunger were very severe, which they were often obliged to

relieve by eating frogs and other reptiles. Occasionally, however, they succeeded in confiscating poultry from the hen-houses of the slaveholders on their route.

"In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp,
The hunted negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the wisps and glow-worms shine
In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass,
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in its lair.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the crime of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth."

LONGFELLOW.

My experience in the Cotton States served to intensify my abhorrence and hatred of slavery, and to

nerve me for the work I was engaged in. On several occasions while in the slave states I attended church service, and invariably observed that whenever the subject of slavery was mentioned it was referred to as a wise, beneficent institution, and one minister declared that "the institution of slavery was devised by God, for the especial benefit of the colored race."

"Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands, with prayer and blessing, lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke:

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
And in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray?

Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known
As in their home above."

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet.*

CHAPTER IV.

1859-1861.

Meet with John Brown—Farewell to John Brown—John Brown Calls a Convention at Chatham, Canada—Refugees in Canada —At Work in Delaware—Depôt of the Underground Railway —John Brown Ready to Move—In Richmond—John Brown's Attack on Harper's Ferry—Blow felt throughout the Slave States—Dough-faced Northerners—Effects of John Brown's Attack—John Brown a Prisoner—Bearing of John Brown—Interview with Governor Wise—John Brown's Farewell Letter to the Author—Execution of John Brown—Letters to the Author from John Brown's Widow and Children—"The John Brown Song"—John Brown's Men at Harper's Ferry—Casualties of the Fight at Harper's Ferry—Copy of John Brown's Commission to His Officers.

LEAVE FOR BOSTON.

FROM Evansville I returned to Philadelphia, and after a short stay in that city left for Boston, via Springfield.

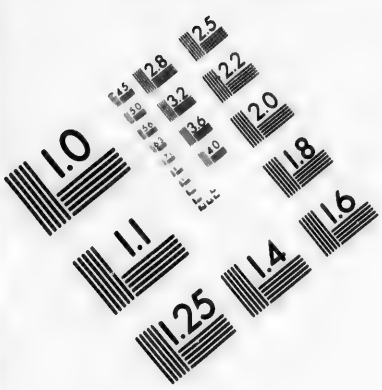
MEET WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

At Springfield, Mass., the train stopped a few minutes for refreshments. As I took my seat at the table, I observed an elderly gentleman looking very earnestly at me. At length he recognized me, and taking a seat near me said in a whisper, "How is the hardware business?" The moment

he spoke I recognized Capt. John Brown, of Kansas. He was much changed in appearance, looked older and more careworn, but there was no change in his voice or eye, both were indicative of strength, honesty and tenacity of purpose. Learning that I was on my way to Boston, whither he was going on the following day, he urged me to remain in Springfield over night and accompany him to Boston. In the evening we retired to a private parlor, and he asked me to tell him about my trip through Mississippi and Alabama. He listened intently to the recital of my narrative, from the time I left New Orleans until my arrest in Mississippi, with great earnestness and without speaking, until I described my arrest and imprisonment; then his countenance changed, his eyes flashed, he paced the room in silent wrath. I never witnessed a more intense manifestation of indignation and scorn. Coming up to me, he took my wrists in his hands and said, "God alone brought you out of that hell; and these wrists have been ironed and you have been imprisoned for doing your duty. I vow that I will not rest from my labor until I have discharged my whole duty towards God and towards my brother in bondage." When he ceased speaking, he sat down and buried his face in his hands, in which position he sat for some minutes as if overcome by his feelings. At length, arousing himself, he asked me to continue my narrative, to which he listened patiently during its recital.

He said, "You have been permitted to do a work that falls to the lot of few." Taking a small Bible or Testament from his pocket, he said, "The good book says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;' it teaches us, further, to remember them in bonds as bound with them." He continued, "I have devoted the last twenty years of my life to preparation for the work which I believe God has given me to do, and while I live, I will not cease my labors." He then gave me some details of a campaign which he was then actually preparing for, and which he said had occupied his mind for many years. He intended to establish himself in the mountains of Virginia with a small body of picked men. He felt confident that the negroes would flock to him in large numbers, and that the slave-holders would soon be glad to let the oppressed go free; that the dread of a negro insurrection would produce fear and trembling in all the slave states; that the presence in the mountains of an armed body of liberators would cause a general insurrection among the slaves, which would end in their freedom. He said he had about twenty-two Kansas men undergoing a course of military instruction; these men would form a nucleus, around which he would soon gather a force sufficiently large and effective to strike terror through the slave states. His present difficulty was a deficiency of ready money. He had been

promised support to help the cause of freedom—which was not forthcoming now that he was preparing to carry the war into the South. Some of his friends were disinclined to aid offensive operations. During this interview he informed me that he intended to call a convention at Chatham, Canada, for the purpose of effecting an organization composed of men who were willing to aid him in his purpose of invading the slave states. He said he had rifles and ammunition sufficient to equip two hundred men; that he had made a contract for a large number of pikes, with which he intended to arm the negroes; that the object of his present trip to the East was to raise funds to keep this contract, and perfect his arrangements for an attack upon the slave states. He accompanied me on the following day to Boston. During our journey, he informed me that he required a thousand dollars at least to complete his preparations, and that he needed money at once to enable him to fulfil a contract for arms with a manufacturer in Connecticut. He also needed money to bring his men from Iowa to Canada. He met with but little success in Boston. It appeared that such friends of the cause of freedom as had an inkling of his project, were not disposed to advance money for warlike purposes, except for the defence of free territory. Many of his sincere friends feared that the persecution of himself and family by the pro-slavery border ruffians



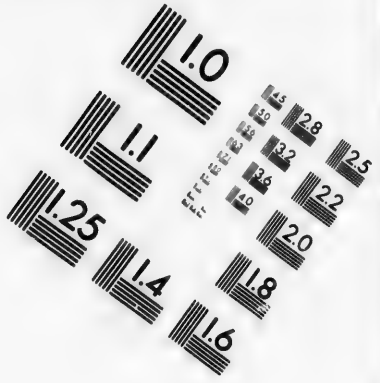
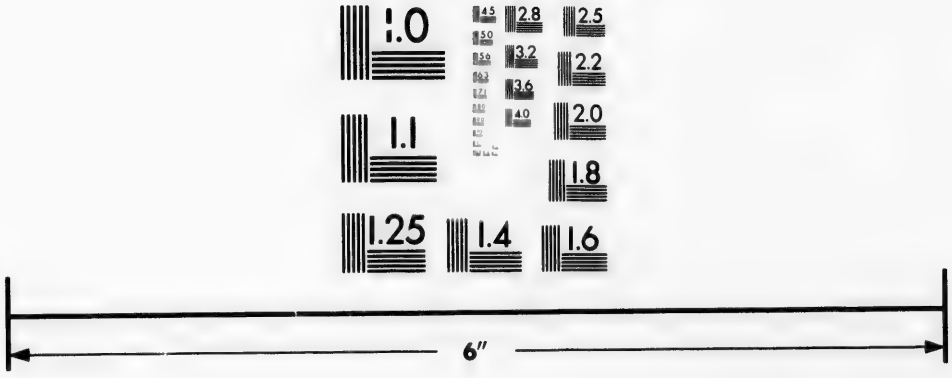
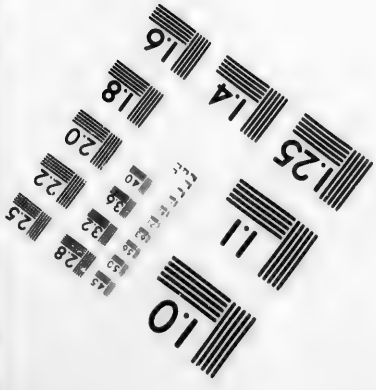
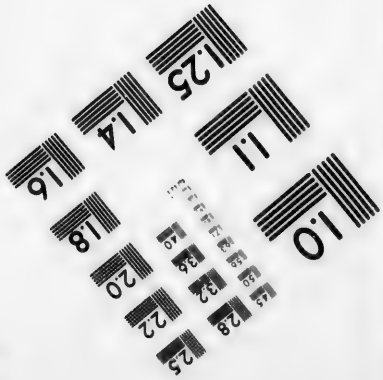


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would provoke him to engage in some enterprise which might result in the destruction of himself and his followers. I am persuaded that there was no reason for any such apprehension. I never heard him express any feeling of personal resentment towards any one, not even border ruffians. He appeared to me to be under the influence of broad, enlightened, and humane views, and a fixed determination to do his duty towards the oppressed.

Next morning Capt. Brown departed from Boston. I accompanied him to the depôt, and bade him farewell.

CAPTAIN BROWN CALLS A CONVENTION.

The following invitation from Capt. Brown to attend a convention "of true friends of freedom," to be held in Chatham, Canada, I did not receive until the 13th of May—three days after the time appointed for holding the convention:

CHATHAM, CANADA,
May 5th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have called a quiet convention in this town of the true friends of freedom. Your attendance is earnestly requested on the 10th inst.

Your friend,

John Brown

REFUGEES IN CANADA.

During the following summer I visited Canada, and had great pleasure in meeting many of those who had, under my auspices, escaped from the land of bondage. In Hamilton I was welcomed by a man who had escaped from Augusta. The meeting with so many of my former pupils, and the knowledge that they were happy, thriving, and industrious, gave me great satisfaction. The trials and dangers I had endured in their behalf were rendered pleasing reminiscences.

The information obtained from these refugees relative to the experiences while *en route* to Canada enabled me subsequently to render valuable aid to other fugitives from the land of bondage.

AT WORK IN DELAWARE.

On one occasion I visited Wilmington, Delaware, for the purpose of liberating the young wife of a refugee, who the year previous had made his escape to Canada, from the little town of Dover. I learned that the object of my visit was owned by a widow lady, who had but recently purchased the slave, paying the sum of twelve hundred dollars for her. I also learned that the widow was disposed to sell the girl, in fact that it was her intention to take her to New Orleans in the fall, for the purpose of

offering her for sale in the market, where prices ranged in proportion to the beauty and personal charms possessed by these victims of man's inhumanity.

After a few hours' consideration I decided upon a plan which ultimately interfered with the widow's project. In the morning I called at the house of the widow, ostensibly to purchase her slave woman. The bell was answered by an octoroon woman, whom from the description I had received of her, I knew to be the object of my visit. I enquired whether her mistress was at home. She replied that her mistress had gone to market, and would not be home for an hour or two; further, that she was the only person in the house. I asked her name, and other questions, which proved that she was Martha Bennett, the wife of the Canadian refugee. I then told her my object in calling, that I had recently seen her husband, and that if she desired to go to him, I would endeavor to take her to Canada. I gave her a few lines written by her husband, begging her to come to him. She read the paper with deep feeling, trembling from head to foot, the tears falling fast upon the paper. She said, "Massa, I will do just what you tell me. I wish I could get to Canada. Missis is going to take me to New Orleans this fall, and then I shall never see my husband again." I told her to leave the house at midnight, or as soon after as possible, prepared to accompany me; that I would

have a conveyance ready not far from the house to carry her out of the state to a place of safety; that she must attend to her duties during the day as usual, and not excite, by any unusual appearance or conduct, the suspicions of her mistress. I then left, and made preparations to convey her to the house of Hannah Cox, near Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

DEPOT OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

The house of this noble woman had for years been one of the depôts of the "underground railroad" (the rendezvous of fugitive slaves from Maryland and Delaware), where many poor fugitives have come with bleeding feet and tattered garments, relying upon the humanity of this noble woman, who shielded the outcasts from their pursuers. Hannah Cox was a worthy member of the Society of Friends. She possessed great sweetness of disposition, combined with energy, courage and tried sympathies, a highly cultivated mind and the ease and grace of a queen. Mrs. Cox, like all other outspoken abolitionists, was at that period outlawed from public respect, scorned and hated by the Church and State, and despised by the rich. There never lived a purer or more noble woman than Hannah Cox. She outlived the institution of slavery, and received the homage and respect of those who in other days persecuted and despised her.

Returning to the house of my friend, I obtained a horse and small waggon, and at twelve o'clock that night drove down the street on which the house of the widow was situated. At last I caught sight of the object of my search. Taking her into the carriage, I drove rapidly away on the road to Kennet Square, Penn. I kept the horse at a rapid gait, until I got out of sight of Wilmington. About four o'clock in the morning I heard the sound of a carriage rapidly following me. Upon reaching the top of a small hill I looked back and saw a horse coming at full gallop—behind him a buggy with two men in it. I directed the girl to crouch down in the bottom of the vehicle, I then put my horse to its utmost speed, hoping to cross the Pennsylvania line before my pursuers came up to me. The stifled cries of the poor slave at my feet made me resolve to defend her to the last extremity. I had two good navy revolvers with me, and got them ready for action. Looking back, I saw that my pursuers were gaining upon me. They were not more than two hundred yards distant, and I could hear shouts for me to stop; in another moment I heard the report of a pistol and the whizzing sound of a bullet. I then drew my revolver and fired four times in rapid succession at the horse of my pursuers. I saw the animal stagger and fall to the ground. One of my pursuers then fired several times at me without effect. I was soon out of danger from

them, and safe with my charge at the house of good Hannah Cox.

I went on to Philadelphia, where I remained until the excitement had quieted down. I then returned and conveyed the poor fugitive to Clifton, Canada; from thence she went to Chatham, where she found her husband.

JOHN BROWN READY TO MOVE.

On the 9th of October, 1859, I was somewhat surprised to receive the following brief letter from Captain Brown, announcing his intention to make an attack on the Slave States in the course of a few weeks:

CHAMBERSBURG, PENN.,
October 6th, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND,— * * * I shall move about the last of this month. Can you help the cause in the way promised? Address your reply to Isaac Smith, Chambersburg, Penn.

Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

IN RICHMOND.

I had promised Captain Brown, during our interview at Springfield, Mass., that when he was ready to make his attack on the Slave States, I would, if possible, go to Richmond, and await the result. In case he should be successful in his attack, I would be in a position to watch the course of events, and enlighten the slaves as to his pur-

poses. It might also be possible for me to aid the cause in other respects. Accordingly, I was in Richmond on the 15th (the day before the raid), prepared to remain there and await the course of events.

CAPTAIN BROWN ATTACKS HARPER'S FERRY.

On the morning of Monday, the 17th of October, wild rumours were in circulation about the streets of Richmond, that Harper's Ferry had been captured by a band of robbers; and again that an army of abolitionists under the command of a desperado by the name of Smith, was murdering the inhabitants of that village and carrying off the negroes. Throughout the day groups of excited men gathered about the newspaper offices to hear the news from Harper's Ferry.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

On the following morning (Tuesday) an official report was received which stated that a large force of abolitionists under Old Osawatomie Brown had taken possession of the U. S. armory at the ferry, and had entrenched themselves. An aged negro whom I met in the street seemed completely bewildered with the excitement, and military preparations going on around him. As I approached him he raised his hat and said, "Please massa, what's

the matter? what's the soldiers out for?" I told him a band of abolitionists had seized Harper's Ferry and liberated many of the slaves of that section; and that they intended to free all the slaves in the South if they could. "Can da do it, massa?" he asked, while his countenance brightened up. I replied, perhaps so, and asked him if he would like to be free? He said, "O yes, massa; I'se prayed for dat dese forty years. My two boys are away off in Canada. Do you know where dat is, massa?"

BLOW FELT THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES.

That John Brown had struck a blow that was felt throughout the Slave States, was evident from the number of telegraph despatches from the South, offering aid to crush the invasion.

DEFEAT OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

The people of Richmond were frantic with rage at this daring interference with their cherished institution, which gave them the right to buy, beat, work and sell their fellow men. Crowds of rough excited men filled with whiskey and wickedness stood for hours together in front of the offices of the *Dispatch* and *Enquirer*, listening to the reports, as they were announced from within. When the news of Brown's defeat and capture, and the destruction of his little band, was read from the win-

dow of the *Dispatch* office, the vast crowds set up a demoniac yell of delight, which to me sounded like a death knell to all my hopes for the freedom of the enslaved. As the excitement was hourly increasing, and threats made to search the city for abolitionists, I felt that nothing could be gained by remaining in Richmond.

I left for Washington, almost crushed in spirit at the destruction of Capt. Brown and his brave little band. On the train were Southerners from several of the Slave States, who boldly expressed their views of Northern abolitionists, in the most emphatic slave-driving language. The excitement was intense, every stranger, especially if he looked like a Northerner, was closely watched, and in some instances subjected to inquisition.

DOUGH-FACED NORTHERNERS.

The attitude of many of the leading Northern politicians and so-called statesmen of Washington, was simply disgusting. These weak-kneed and craven creatures, were profuse in their apologies for Brown's assault, and hastened to divest themselves of what little manhood they possessed, while in the presence of the women-whippers of the South. "What can we do to conciliate the Slave States?" was the leading question of the day. Such men as Crittenden and Douglas were ready to compromise

with the slave-holders, even at the sacrifice of their avowed principles. While Toombs, Davis, Mason, Slidell and the rest of the slave-driving crew, haughtily demanded further guarantees for the protection of their "institution;" and had it not been for the stand taken by the people of the Northern States at that time, their political leaders would have bound the North hand and foot, to do the bidding of the slave-holders. But, on that occasion, the people of the North showed themselves worthy descendents of their revolutionary sires.

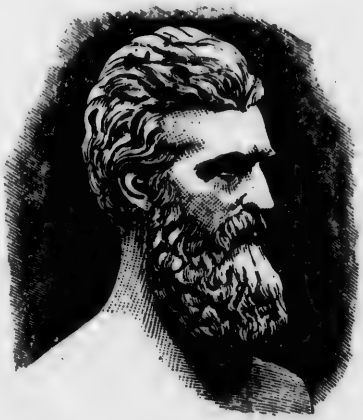
EFFECTS OF JOHN BROWN'S ATTACK.

The blow struck at Harper's Ferry, which the democratic leaders affected to ridicule, had startled the slave-holders from their dreams of security, and sent fear and trembling into every home in the Slave States. The poor oppressed slave as he laid down on his pallet of straw, weary from his enforced labors, offered up a prayer for the safety of the grand old captain, who was a prisoner in the hands of merciless foes, thirsting for his blood.

BRAVERY OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

How bravely John Brown bore himself in the presence of the human wolves that surrounded him, as he lay mangled and torn in front of the engine-house at Harper's Ferry! Mason, of Virginia, and

that Northern renegade, Vallandigham, interrogated the apparently dying man, trying artfully, but in vain, to get him to implicate leading Northern men. In the history of modern times there is not recorded another instance of such rare heroic valour as John Brown displayed in the presence of Governor Wise, of Virginia. How contemptible Mason, Wise, and Vallandigham appear when compared with the wounded old liberator, who lay weltering in his blood, shed in behalf of the oppressed. Mason, Wise and Vallandigham died with the stain of treason on their heads.



CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.

To superficial observers, Brown's attack on Virginia with so small a force, looked like the act of a madman; but those who knew John Brown, and

the men under his command, are satisfied that if he had carried out his original plans, and retreated with his force to the mountains, after he had captured the arms in the arsenal, he could have baffled any force sent against him. The slaves would have flocked to his standard by thousands, and the slaveholders would have trembled with fear for the safety of their families.

JOHN BROWN VICTORIOUS.

John Brown in prison, surrounded by his captors, won greater victories than if he had conquered the South by force of arms. His courage, truthfulness, humanity, and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the poor downtrodden slaves, shamed the cowardly, weak-kneed, and truculent Northern politicians into opposition to the haughty demands of the despots of the South. The crack of his rifle at Harper's Ferry suddenly confronted every man in America, with his traditional cowardice, moral, political, or physical. There was a moment of timid deprecation or hasty denial: "We know not the man;"—the million eyes met, the explosion of long-pent fires, the nation is rent, the lie dragged to judgment, the laws re-constructed, and the people of the Free States confess that John Brown, the "outlaw," the "lunatic," the spurned of all sections to an ignominious death, was not prophet only, but

the very cry that was rising in every true heart in America.

I esteem it a great privilege to have known John Brown, and to have had the opportunity of aiding him in his great purpose.

AN EFFORT TO SEE JOHN BROWN.

December the 2nd, 1859, was the day appointed for the execution of Captain Brown. I determined to make an effort to see him once more if possible. Taking the cars at Baltimore, on November 26th, I went to Harper's Ferry, and applied to the military officer in command for permission to go to Charlestown. He enquired my object in wishing to go there at that time, while so much excitement existed. I replied, that I had a desire to see John Brown once more before his death. Without replying to me, he called an officer in the room and directed him to place me in close confinement until the arrival of the train for Baltimore and then to place me on the train, and command the conductor to take me to Baltimore. Then, raising his voice, he said, "Captain, if he (myself) returns to Harper's Ferry, shoot him at once." I was placed under guard until the train came in, when, in spite of my protests, I was taken to Baltimore. Determined to make one more attempt, I went to Richmond to try and obtain permission from the Governor. After much difficulty I obtained an

INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR WISE.

I told the Governor that I had a strong desire to see John Brown before his execution; that I had some acquaintance with him, and had formed a very high estimate of him as a man. I asked him to allow me to go to Charlestown (under *surveillance* if he pleased), and bid the old Captain "good-bye." The Governor made many inquiries to ascertain my views of Brown, and finally asked whether I justified his attack on Virginia. I replied, that from childhood I had been an ardent admirer of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and that all these great and good men deplored the existence of slavery in the Republic. That my admiration and friendship for John Brown was owing to his holding similar views and his earnest desire to abolish the evil. The Governor looked amazed at my pertinacity, and for a moment made no reply. At length he straightened himself up, and, assuming a dignified air, said, "My family motto is, '*sapere aude.*' I am *wise* enough to understand your object in wishing to go to Charlestown, and I *dare* you to go. If you attempt it I will have you shot. It is such men as you who have urged Brown to make his crazy attack upon our constitutional rights and privileges. You shall not leave Richmond until after the execution of Brown. I would like to hang a dozen of your leading abolitionists."

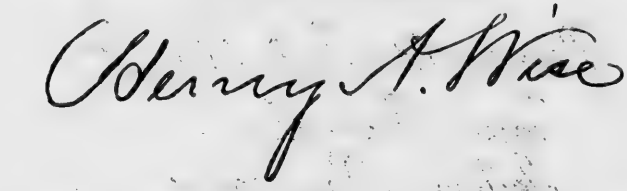
GOVERNOR WISE WOULD LIKE TO BAG GIDDINGS AND GERRIT SMITH, AND HANG THEM!

"If I could *bag* old Giddings and Gerrit Smith, I would hang them without trial."

The Governor became excited, and paced the floor angrily, saying, "No, sir! you shall not leave Richmond. You shall go to prison, and remain there until next Monday; then you may go North, and slander the State which ought to have hanged you!" I replied, that as he refused me permission to see Captain Brown, I would leave Virginia at once, and thus save the State any trouble or expense on my account. I said this very quietly, while his eyes were riveted on me. In reply, he said, "Did I not tell you that you should remain a prisoner here until Monday?" I replied, "Yes, Governor, you did; but I am sure the executive of this great State is too *wise* to fear one unarmed man." For a moment he tapped the table with his fingers, then shaking his fore-finger, said: "Well, you may go, and I would advise you to tell your Giddings, Greeleys, Smiths and Garrisons, cowards that they are, to lead the next raid on Virginia themselves."

Fearing that obstacles might be thrown in my way, which would cause detention and trouble, I requested the Governor to give me a permit to leave the State of Virginia. Without making reply, he picked up a blank card, and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer is hereby ordered to leave the State of Virginia within twenty-four hours."



This he handed me, saying, "The sooner you go, the better for you; our people are greatly excited, and you may regret this visit if you stay another hour."

On returning to Philadelphia I wrote to Captain Brown, bidding him a last farewell. Several days after his execution I received from the sheriff of Jefferson County, Virginia, the following letter, written by the captain the day before his execution :—

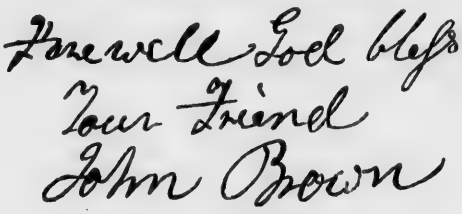
CAPTAIN BROWN'S FAREWELL LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.

"JAIL, CHARLESTOWN, VA., December, 1st, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND :—Captain Avis, my jailor, has just handed me your most kind and affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing, I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours, through infinite grace in 'Christ Jesus, my Lord,' I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful and ready to die.

My dear friend, do not give up your labors for the 'poor that cry, and them that are in bonds.'"

(Fac-simile of the three last lines.)



EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

On the morning of his execution, an ordinary furniture waggon, containing a plain coffin, was brought to the door of the jail, soon after which the door opened, and John Brown appeared, followed by Sheriff Campbell and John Avis, the jailer. As John Brown passed out he said, "Good-bye" to several whom he recognized, and some of whom had done him little acts of kindness during his imprisonment. To one of the guards he handed a slip of paper on which he had written the following prophetic words:—

"CHARLESTOWN JAIL, December 2nd, 1859.

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be washed away except with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without much bloodshed it might be done."

These, his last written words, were sent to me by John Avis, his jailor. John Brown quickly mounted

the waggon, and seated himself on the coffin which was soon to contain his lifeless remains. The pretty story of his kissing a negro child as he was leaving the jail, has no foundation in fact. The only remarks he made while being driven to the field where the execution took place, were in reference to the natural beauty of the surrounding country. From the jail to the scaffold he was closely surrounded by soldiers. When the procession reached the scaffold, John Brown stepped from the waggon and was the first to mount the steps, followed by the sheriff and jailor. John Brown's step was firm, his bearing solemn, cool and brave. Around him were hundreds of Virginians in warlike array, the forms of many men who were soon to die violent deaths as traitors to their country. Near the gallows stood Stonewall Jackson in command of his cadets, with John Wilkes Booth (the assassin of President Lincoln) as one of his volunteers. Jackson was killed while fighting against his country. Seated on a beautiful horse was General Ashby—he too died a violent death in the rebel ranks, Near by stood the contemptible Jeff Thompson, who had brought from Missouri a rope with which to hang John Brown. He too served and survived the rebellion to endure poverty and contempt. Gov. Wise, who signed John Brown's death warrant, fought as a rebel against his country, and survived to see a daughter of John Brown teaching the child-

ren of Freedmen in his home. Nearly all the rank and file that surrounded that scaffold died violent deaths in the battles of the slaveholders' rebellion, and the few who survive live to see John Brown vindicated in every slave that now receives wages for his labor.

When John Brown ascended the gallows he stood erect, cool and steady. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat. His clothing was plain and scrupulously clean. His white beard had been cut somewhat shorter than usually worn. His every movement was grave, gentle and dignified. The sheriff approached him and covered his face. When he was placed upon the trap he said, "Be quick; do not keep me waiting." Then began a series of fussy movements by the military, which occupied fully ten minutes, after which the trap fell, and the spirit of John Brown joined his comrades in the spirit land. There were few, we fancy, of those who that day witnessed the death of John Brown, who imagined that his name would outlive the name of the politicians and so-called statesmen of that day. Virginia, in her pride and strength, judicially murdered John Brown; but the day is not far distant when the freedmen and freemen of the South will erect a monument on the spot where he gave up his life, a willing sacrifice for the cause of human freedom.

The memory of John Brown will grow brighter

and brighter through all coming ages, and long after the Southern statesmen who shouted for his death are mouldering in the silent dust forgotten, or unpleasantly remembered, the name of John Brown, of Osawatomie, will be a household word with millions yet unborn.

LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR FROM CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN'S WIDOW AND CHILDREN.

From Mary A. Brown, Widow of Capt. John Brown, the Martyr.

DEAR FRIEND,—* * * My husband often spoke of you as being one of his most faithful and sincere friends. Your tender and kindly sympathy for his afflicted family in those terrible days of '59 will never be forgotten by me. I send you a lock of his hair in remembrance of your friendship. * * *

From John Brown, Jr., Son of Capt. John Brown, the Martyr.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—All honor to you for the courage and devotion to the cause of liberty which led you to peril your life again and again for those who had no other claim on you than that of common humanity. You may indeed feel gratified by the medals, diplomas of honor and royal decorations conferred on you by the learned societies and crowned heads of Europe, yet these are toys compared with that which entitles you to be known as *the tried and true friend of mankind.* * * *

From Owen Brown, son of Capt. John Brown, the Martyr.

* * * I shall hold you in lasting remembrance for your fidelity to father, and the cause he died in serving. You have my earnest hopes for your success, though any one of your stamp who will exercise such unfaltering persistance against so many kinds of difficulties will surely succeed.

From Ruth Brown, Eldest Daughter of Capt. John Brown, the Martyr.

* * * I wish every person in our land knew how noble and self-sacrificing you have been. * * * I wish you could have seen father when you went to Virginia. To have seen you again would have done him more good than all the prayers of all the pro-slavery ministers in the world.

From Annie Brown, youngest daughter of Capt. John Brown, the Martyr.

I wish to express my unbounded gratitude to you for placing my father before the world in his true light. You *comprehended* him, you *knew* him. * * *

THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

BY EDNA A. PROCTOR.

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave—
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed, and his harvesters are we;
Honor to him who has made the bondmen free!
Loved evermore shall our noble ruler be;
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner wave;
Lo! for the millions he perilled all to save,
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, &c.

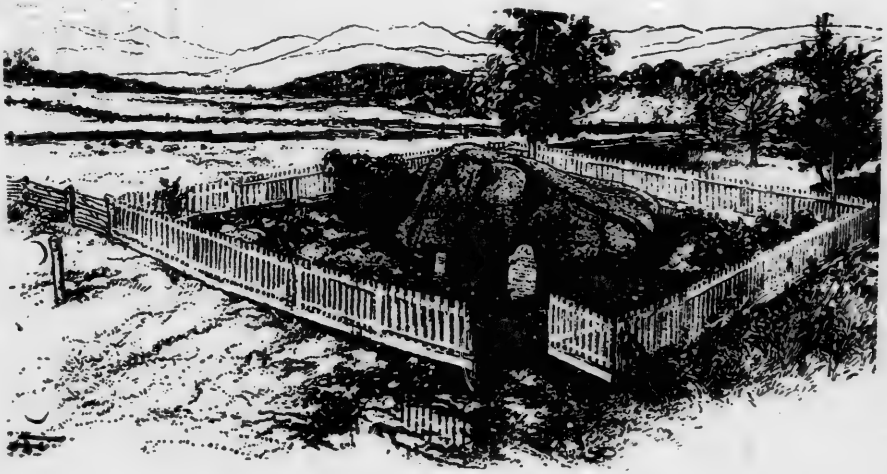
John Brown's soul through the world is marching on ;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone !
All men will sing in the better ages' dawn,
Freedom reigns to-day !
Glory, etc.

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er ;
Hate cannot harm him, nor sorrow stir him more ;
Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore ;
Freedom reigns to-day !
Glory, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
John Brown lives in the triumphs of the brave ;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave ;
Freedom reigns to-day !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Freedom reigns to-day !

JOHN BROWN'S MEN AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The men that John Brown gathered about him for his last fight with slavery were men like himself of heroic mould. They were young men in the full morning of life. They were each attached to him by the subtle magnetism that attracts the lesser to the greater. Like John Brown, they were earnest men, haters of tyranny and injustice, and lovers of freedom. They were each and all God-fearing men, of staunch moral character, temperate, truthful, sincere and brave. No profane word or jest was heard from their lips. In their devotion,



JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE AT NORTH ELBA, N. Y.

fidelity and self-sacrifice, they resembled the "Ironsides" of Cromwell. Their faith and confidence in their strong old captain was such that they would, as they did, follow him without a murmur into the very "jaws of death." It is meet, right, and just that these heroic men should have a place in history, by the side of their fearless old leader.

CASUALTIES AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Aaron D. Stevens and John H. Kagi were Capt. Brown's right-hand men during the Kansas war for freedom, and at Harper's Ferry, Stevens was wounded, taken prisoner and executed. Kagi was driven into the river by a score of assailants, and cowardly murdered. Owen Brown escaped and is still living (1892). Oliver and Watson Brown were killed in the fight. John E. Cook escaped, was captured, and executed. Edwin Coppic, Albert Hazlett, John Copeland, Shields Green, and Dangerfield Newby were taken prisoners and executed. Stuart Taylor, William Lehman, Louis Leary, William and Dauphin Thompson, and Jeremiah Anderson were killed in the fight. Barclay Coppic, Frank J Merriam, Charles Plummer Tidd, and O. P. Anderson escaped,

Names and rank of John Brown's men at Harper's Ferry.

MUSTER ROLL.

Aaron Dwight Stevens	Captain
John Henry Kagi	"

Owen Brown (son of John Brown)	Captain
Oliver Brown " "	"
Watson Brown " "	"
John E. Cook	"
Edwin Coppic	Lieutenant
Albert Hazlett	"
William Lehman	"

PRIVATES.

Barclay Coppic, Stuart Taylor, Frank J. Merriman, Louis Leary, Shields Green, Dangerfield Newby, Jeremiah Anderson, O. P. Anderson, John Copeland, Charles Plummer Tidd, William Thompson (son-in-law of John Brown), Dauphin Thompson (son-in-law of John Brown).

Captain Brown expected the slaves would flock to his standard in hundreds in case he was successful, hence the disproportionate number of commissioned officers in his force. These officers had been thoroughly drilled by Colonel Forbes, formerly an officer of Garibaldi's army, and it was Captain Brown's purpose to organize his colored recruits into companies under these officers.

Never in the history of the world, did mightier results follow the actions of a like number of men.

JOHN BROWN'S "PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION."

On page 84 the reader will find a call from John Brown for a convention to be held in Chatham, Canada, in May, 1858. The convention met on the day appointed and formed a "Provisional Constitution," and elected a president and other civil officers.

John Brown was appointed Commander-in-Chief, John Henry Kagi, Secretary of War, and Owen Brown, Treasurer of the military forces. This "Provisional Constitution" was to be John Brown's shield and authority as Commander-in-Chief, and it was by virtue of this authority that his officers were commissioned.

Copy of Brown's commission to his Officers.

Headquarters, War Dept.,
Near Harper's Ferry, Md.,
October 15th, 1859.

GREETING:

Whereas, *Owen Brown* has been nominated a captain in the army, established under the provisional constitution.

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the authority vested in us by said constitution, we do hereby appoint and commission the said *Owen Brown*, a captain.

Given at the office of the Secretary of War, this October 15th, 1859.

John Brown

Commander in-Chief.

J. H. KAGI,
Secretary of War.

(The original is printed except the words in italics, which are in the writing of Kagi.)

CHAPTER V.

1860-61.

Number of Refugees in Canada—Negro Slave's Escape to Canada—Cruelty and Injustice of the Fugitive Slave Law—Presidential Election, 1860.

NUMBER OF REFUGEES IN CANADA.

I SPENT the next three months in Canada, visiting those refugees in whom I had taken a personal interest. I found six in Chatham, two in London, four in Hamilton, two in Amherstburgh, and one in Toronto—fifteen in all; while several had gone from Canada to New England. It afforded me great satisfaction to find them sober, industrious members of society. It has often been remarked by both Canadians and visitors from the States, that the negro refugees in Canada were superior specimens of their race. The observation is true; for none but those possessing superior qualities could hope to reach Canada. The difficulties and dangers of the route, and the fact that they were often closely pursued for weeks by human foes and by bloodhounds, required the exercise of rare qualities of mind and body. Their route would often lay through dismal swamps inhabited only by wild animals and poisonous reptiles. Sometimes the distance between

the land of bondage and freedom was several hundreds of miles, every mile of which had to be traversed on foot. It is, indeed, surprising that so large a number of fugitives succeeded in reaching Canada, considering the obstacles they had to contend with on their long and dangerous journey.

The number of refugee negroes in Canada at the outbreak of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, was not far short of forty thousand. Probably more than half of them were manumitted slaves who, in consequence of unjust laws, were compelled to leave the States where they were manumitted. Many of these negroes settled in the Northern States, but the greater portion of them came to Canada.

The following simple lines were familiar to most of the fugitives in Canada thirty years ago:—

THE NEGRO SLAVE'S ESCAPE TO CANADA.



"I'm on my way to Canada, that free and happy land,
The cruelty of slavery I can no longer stand.
My soul is grieved within me to think that I'm a slave,
And I'm resolved to strike a blow for freedom or the grave.
Farewell, farewell, old master, I'm on my way to Canada,
Where colored men are free."

"I heard old master pray last night, I heard him pray for me,
That God would come with might and power and me from
Satan free.

So I from Satan would be free and flee the wrath to come,
But if Satan is in human form, old master's surely one.
Farewell, farewell, old master, I'm on the road to Canada,
Dear land of liberty."

"I've heard that Queen Victoria, if we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery and come across the lake,
That she was waiting on the shore with arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home in Canada by her side.
Farewell, farewell, old master, that's good enough for me,
I'm on my way to Canada, dear land of liberty."

"The hounds are baying on my track and master's close behind,
Resolved that he will take me back before I cross the line.
I no more dread the auctioneer, nor fear the master's frown,
I no more tremble when I hear the baying of the hound.
Farewell, farewell, old master, I've just arrived in Canada,
Where every man is free; God bless Canada!"

CRUELTY AND INJUSTICE OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

When the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted in 1850, it carried terror to every person of African blood in the Free States. Stung with hopeless despair, more than six thousand Christian men and women fled from their homes, and sought refuge under the flag of Britain in Canada. In the words of Charles Sumner:—

"The Free States became little better than a huge outlying plantation, quivering under the lash of the overseer; or rather they were a diversified hunting ground for the flying bondman, resounding always with the 'halloo' of the huntsman. There seemed to be no rest. The chase was hardly finished at Boston,

before it broke out at Philadelphia, Syracuse or Buffalo, and then again raged furiously over the prairies of the west. Not a case occurred which did not shock the conscience of the country, and sting it with anger. The records of the time attest the accuracy of this statement."

Perhaps there is no instance in history where human passion showed itself in grander forms of expression, or where eloquence lent all her gifts more completely to the demands of liberty, than the speech of Theodore Parker (now dead and buried in a foreign land), denouncing the capture of Thos. Simms, at Boston, and invoking the judgment of God and man upon the agents in this wickedness. This great effort cannot be forgotten in the history of humanity. But every case pleaded with an eloquence of its own, until at last one of these tragedies occurred which darken the heavens, and cry out with a voice that will be heard. It was the voice of a mother standing over her murdered child. Margaret Garner had escaped from slavery with three children, but she was overtaken at Cincinnati. Unwilling to see her offspring returned to the shambles of the South, this unhappy mother, described in the testimony as "a womanly, amiable, affectionate mother," determined to save them in the only way within her power. With a butcher knife, coolly and deliberately, she took the life of one of the children, described as "almost white, and a little girl of rare beauty," and attempt-

ed, without success, to take the life of the other two. To the preacher who interrogated her, she exclaimed, "The child is my own, given me of God to do the best a mother could in its behalf. I have done the best I could; I would have done more and better for the rest; I knew it was better for them to go home to God than back to slavery." But she was restrained in her purpose. The Fugitive Slave Act triumphed, and after the determination of sundry questions of jurisdiction, this devoted historic mother, with the two children that remained to her, and the dead body of the little one just emancipated, was escorted by a national guard of armed men to the doom of slavery. But her case did not end with this revolting sacrifice. So long as the human heart is moved by human suffering, the story of this mother will be read with alternate anger and grief, while it is studied as a perpetual witness to the slaveholding tyranny which then ruled the Republic with execrable exactions, destined at last to break out in war, as the sacrifice of Virginia by her father is a perpetual witness to the decemviral tyranny which ruled Rome. But liberty is always priceless. There are other instances less known, in which kindred wrong has been done. Every case was a tragedy—under the forms of law. Worse than poisoned bowl or dagger was the certificate of a United States Commissioner—who was allowed, without interruption, to continue his dreadful trade.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1860.

During no previous Presidential election (except that of 1856, when Fremont and Buchanan were the candidates), was there so much excitement on the slavery question as that of 1860, when Lincoln Breckenridge, Bell, and Douglas, were the candidates.

To enable my readers to form a correct opinion of the political position occupied by the republican candidate toward the institution of slavery, I give below the "Republican Platform," on which President Lincoln went before the people for their suffrages:—

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL (LINCOLN) PLATFORM.

ADOPTED AT CHICAGO, 1860.

Resolved,—That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

1. That the history of the nation, during the last four years, has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now, more than ever before, demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

2. That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that

to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions; and that the Federal Constitution, the Rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

7. That the new dogma, that the Constitution of its own force, carries Slavery into any or all of the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent; is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

8. That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; That as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished Slavery in all our national territory, ordained that "no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any Territory of the United States.

9. That we brand the recent re-opening of the African slave-trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity and a burning shame to our country and age; and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Dr. Ray

For his steadfast strength & courage
in a dark & evil time
When the Golden Rule was treason,
and to feed the hungry crime,
For the poor slave's hope & refuge
when the hounds were on his track,
And Saint & Sinner State & Church
joined hands to send him back,
Blessings upon him! What he did
For each sad, suffering one
Chained, hunted, scourged & bleeding,
unto our Lord was done!

John G. Whittier
Secretary of the Convention
in 1833 which formed
the American Anti Slavery
Society

Oak Knoll
Danvers Mass
12th Mo. 1879

CHAPTER VI.

1861–1865.

Interview with President Lincoln—Confidential Service in Canada—Second Interview with the President—The President an Abolitionist—Office Seekers—Confederates in Canada—Rebel Postal Service—With the President—Rebel Dispatches—Rebels in New Brunswick—Mr. Lincoln's Kindness—Hospitalities of the White House—"Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"—Leave for New Brunswick—Occupy a State-room with a Rebel—His Arrest—President Lincoln's Patience and Justice—Persecution of Joshua R. Giddings—His Arrest—Death of Mr. Giddings—Efforts of the Author to Awaken Kindly Feelings Toward the United States—A Favorite Rebel Resort—Southern Schemes—With the Army of the Potomac—Step Towards Emancipation—The Emancipation Proclamation—Ratification of the Constitutional Amendment and Proclamation of Freedom—"*Laus Deo*"—Complimentary Letters from President Lincoln, Governor Fenton, of New York, and Charles Sumner—Offer of Services to Mexico—Benito Juarez—Natural History Labors.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

FOR many weeks after the death of Capt. Brown, I felt that the defeat of his plans at Harper's Ferry was a great calamity to the enslaved. I saw nothing in store for the poor slaves but toil and bondage for another generation. For who, at that time, foresaw the mighty conflict that was soon to be inaugurated

by the haughty slaveholders, by which they and their cherished institution were to be completely overthrown.

The brave and noble words and conduct of John Brown, while in the hands of his murderers, shook the institution of slavery to its very foundation. The slaveholders fully comprehended that unless they could obtain from the North further guarantees for the protection of the institution of slavery—that secession from the Free States was their only salvation. Their insolent demands upon the North were met by a quiet determination that not another foot of the public domain should be given up to slavery. Northern politicians had become so accustomed to yielding obedience to the commands of the slave-drivers, that strong efforts were made to effect a compromise with the pro-slavery leaders in Congress.

But the patience of the peace-loving people of the Free States was at length exhausted; they had submitted to the outrageous provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law; they had looked on while the champions of freedom in Congress were insulted and assaulted by the slave-drivers of the South; they had borne for years the taunts and sneers of the Southern chivalry; and now they resolved to assert their just rights and privileges as citizens of a free country.

The threats and demands of the slaveholders were treated with the contempt they deserved.

CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE IN CANADA.

A few months after the inauguration of President Lincoln, I received a letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, requesting me to come to Washington at my earliest convenience.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The day after my arrival in Washington, I was introduced to the President. Mr. Lincoln received me very cordially, and invited me to dine with him. Assembled at the President's table were several prominent gentlemen, to whom Mr. Lincoln introduced me as "a red-hot abolitionist from Canada." One of the guests, a prominent member of Congress, from Indiana (severely injured in after years by the *Credit Mobilier*), said in a slurring manner, "I wish the negroes of the United States would emigrate to Canada, as the Canadians are so fond of their company." Mr. Lincoln said, "It would be better for the negroes, that's certain." "Yes," I replied, a little warmly, "it would be better for the negroes; for, under our flag, the blackest negro is entitled to, and freely accorded, every right and privilege enjoyed by native Canadians. We make no distinction in respect to the colour of a man's skin. It is true, we live under a monarchial form of government; but every man and woman, white, black or brown, have equal rights

under our laws." Mr. Lincoln, in a jocular way, said to the member of Congress, "If you are not careful, you will bring on a war with Canada. I think we have a big enough job on hand now."

The conversation then turned on the attitude of England toward the Free States in their contest with the slaveholders. One gentleman remarked that he was surprised to see so many manifestations of unfriendliness on the part of the English and Canadian people, and asked me how I accounted for it. I replied, "How can you expect it otherwise, when there exists in your Northern States so much diversity of opinion as to the justness of your cause? The unfriendly expressions of an English statesman, or the avowed hostility of a few English and Canadian papers, are noted by you with painful surprise, while the treasonable utterances and acts of some of your own political leaders and people are quite overlooked. Besides, you cannot expect the sympathy of Canadians in your behalf, while you display such an utter disregard for the rights and liberties of your own citizens, as I witnessed in this city yesterday."

Mr. Lincoln asked to what I alluded? I replied, "A United States Marshal passed through Washington, yesterday, having in his charge a coloured man, whom he was taking back to Virginia under your Fugitive Slave Law. The man had escaped from his master—who is an open rebel—and fled to Wilming-

ton, Delaware, where he was arrested, and taken back into slavery."

After dinner, Mr. Lincoln led me to a window, distant from the rest of the party, and said, "Mr. Sumner sent for you at my request. We need a faithful friend in Canada to look after our interests, and keep us posted as to the schemes of the Confederates in Canada. You have been strongly recommended to me for the position. Your communications may be sent direct to me. Think it over to-night; and if you can accept the mission, come up and see me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning." When I took my leave of him, he said, "I hope you will decide to serve us." I concluded to accept the responsibilities of the mission, being persuaded to this conclusion by the wishes of the President and my friend Mr. Sumner.

THE PRESIDENT AN ABOLITIONIST.

At nine o'clock next morning, I waited upon the President, and announced my decision. He grasped my hand in a hearty manner, and said. "Thank you; thank you; I am glad of it." I said, "Mr. Lincoln, if the purpose of your Government is the liberation from bondage of the poor slaves of the South, I shall feel justified in accepting any position where I could best serve you; but when I see so much tenderness for that vile institution and for

the interests of slaveholders, I question whether your efforts to crush the rebellion will meet with the favour of Heaven." He replied, "I sincerely wish that all men were free; and I especially wish for the complete abolition of slavery in this country; but my private wishes and feelings must yield to the duties of my position. My first duty is, to maintain the integrity of the Union. With that object in view, I shall endeavour to save it, either with or without slavery. I have always been an anti-slavery man. Away back in 1839, when I was a member of the Legislature of Illinois, I presented a resolution asking for the emancipation of slavery in the District of Columbia, when, with but few exceptions, the popular mind of my State was opposed to it. If the institution of slavery is destroyed, and the slaves set free, as a result of this conflict which the slaveholders have forced upon us, I shall rejoice as heartily as you. In the meantime, help us to circumvent the machinations of the rebel agents in Canada. There is no doubt they will use your country as a communicating link with Europe, and also with their friends in New York. It is quite possible also that they may make Canada a base, to harass and annoy our people along the frontier."

After a lengthy conversation relative to private matters connected with my mission, I rose to leave, when he said, "I'll walk down to 'Willard's' with you: the hotel is on my way to the Capitol, where I have an engagement at noon."

OFFICE SEEKERS.

Before we reached the hotel, a man approached the President, and thrust a letter into his hand, at the same time applying for some office in Wisconsin. I saw that the President was offended at the rudeness, for he passed the letter back without looking at it, saying emphatically, "No, sir! I am not going to open shop here." This was said in a most emphatic manner, but accompanied by a comical gesture, which caused the rejected applicant to smile. As we continued our walk, the President spoke of the annoyances incident to his position, saying, "These office-seekers are a curse to this country. No sooner was my election certain, than I became the prey of hundreds of hungry, persistent applicants for office, whose highest ambition is to feed at the government crib." When he bid me good-bye, he said, "Let me hear from you once a week at least." As he turned to leave me, a young army officer stopped him, and made some request, to which the President replied with a good deal of humour: "No: I can't do that. I must not interfere; they would scratch my eyes out, if I did. You must go to the proper department."

As I watched the President wending his way towards the Capitol, I was deeply impressed with the dreadful responsibility that rested upon him! The

hopes of millions of Republicans throughout the world were fixed upon him; while twenty millions of his own people looked to him for the salvation of the Republic, and four millions of poor downtrodden slaves in the South looked to him for freedom.

Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man. He had a quick and ready perception of facts, a retentive memory, and a logical turn of mind, which patiently and unwaveringly followed every link in the chain of thought on every subject which he investigated. He was honest, temperate, and forgiving. He was a good man—a man of noble and kindly heart. I never heard him speak unkindly of any man; even the rebels received no word of anger from him.

CONFEDERATES IN CANADA.

On my return to Montreal, I sought opportunities to become acquainted with the names, habits, and occupations of the various Confederates in Canada.

The principal Confederate agent in Canada at that time was Jacob Thompson, an ex-member of Buchanan's administration, whose contemptible conduct, while a member of the Government, in warning the rebels of Charleston of the sailing of the steamer "Star of the West" with provisions for the

besieged garrison at Fort Sumpter, furnishes a good index to his character. The plots and schemes devised by him and his subordinates to furnish the rebels with clothing, boots and shoes, etc., *via* Nassau, Cuba, and to keep open a channel of communication with the Confederate States, kept me continually on the *qui vive* to frustrate their designs.

There prevailed in Canada at this period a very strong and active sympathy for the Confederates. Indeed, I may say, that among the wealthy and influential classes there were few but what wished for the success of the slaveholders, and the consequent disruption of the Union. This was not from any love for slavery, but rather a reflex of the sympathy manifestsd by the higher classes in England for the Confederacy. To overcome this prejudice against the Northern cause, and awaken kindly sympathies for the people of the Free States in the contest with slavery, was the object of my earnest efforts. To assist me in accomplishing that purpose, I brought before the Canadian people the claims of the Sanitary Commission of the United States Army, an organization that excited the generous impulses of Christians of all denominations and classes.

The Montreal *Daily Witness*, in alluding to this subject at the time, said :—

"The United States Sanitary Commission has opened branches in three of the European capitals, London, Paris and Berlin;

and from the London branch alone a large amount of pecuniary aid has been remitted. Dr. A. M. Ross has opened another branch in this city. We know of no agency more likely to awaken kindly feelings here, towards the United States, than this. Dr. Ross informs us, indeed, that this is the object of the Commission in forming their foreign offices, which give an opportunity of circulating information which may remove prejudice, and of receiving benefits and awakening kindly sympathies for the sick and wounded soldiers."

REBEL POSTAL SERVICE.

Toward the close of 1862, I discovered that a regular system of postal service was in operation between the Confederate States and Europe, *via* Detroit, Montreal and Boston. After weeks of diligent search, the detectives arrested a woman who regularly passed between Detroit and Boston, *via* Montreal and Rouse's Point, N.Y., once a fortnight. She was despoiled of her *mail*, and placed in prison. I carried the "mail" to Washington, arriving there at midnight, and went direct to the White House and sent my card to the President, who had retired to bed. In a few minutes the porter returned and requested me to accompany him to the President's room, when the President would soon join me. The room into which I was ushered was the same in which I had spent several hours with the President on the occasion of my first interview with him. Scattered about the floor, and lying open on the table, were several military maps and documents indicating recent use. On the wall hung a

picture of that noble friend of freedom, John Bright, of England.

WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In a few minutes, the President came in, and welcomed me in the most friendly manner. I expressed my regret at disturbing him at such an hour. He replied in a good-humoured manner, saying, "No, no; you did right; you may waken me whenever you please. I have slept with one eye open ever since I came to Washington: I never close both, except when an office-seeker is looking for me." "I am glad (referring to a letter I had sent him) you are pleased with the Emancipation Proclamation; but there is work before us yet. We must make that Proclamation effective by victories over our enemies. It is a paper bullet after all, and of no account, except we can sustain it." I expressed my belief that the cause of the Union would prosper now that justice had been done to the poor negro. He replied, "I hope so! The suffering and misery that attends this conflict is killing me by inches. I wish it was over!"

REBEL DESPATCHES.

I then laid before the President the "rebel mail." He carefully examined the address of each letter, making occasional remarks. At length he found

one addressed to Franklin Pierce, ex-President of the United States, then residing in New Hampshire, and another to ex-Attorney General Cushing, a resident of Massachusetts. He appeared much surprised, and remarked with a sigh, but, without the slightest tone of asperity, "I will have these letters enclosed in official envelopes, and sent to these parties." When he had finished examining the addresses, he tied up all those addressed to private individuals, saying, "I won't bother with them; but these look like official letters: I guess I'll go through them now." He then opened them, and read their contents slowly and carefully.

While he was thus occupied reading the letters I had brought him I had an excellent opportunity of studying this extraordinary man. A marked change had taken place in his countenance since my first interview with him. He looked much older, and bore traces of having passed through months of painful anxiety and trouble. There was a sad, serious look in his eyes that spoke louder than words, of disappointments, trials, and discouragements he had encountered since the war began. The wrinkles about the eyes and forehead were deeper; the lips were firmer, but indicative of kindness and forbearance. The great struggle had brought out the hidden riches of his noble nature, and developed virtues and capacities which surprised his oldest and most intimate friends. He was simple, but astute; he

possessed the rare faculty of seeing things just as they are; he was a just, charitable, and honest man.

MR. LINCOLN'S MISSION.

If ever an individual was specially fitted and ordained to perform a special service, that individual was Abraham Lincoln. No parent could evince a warmer interest in the welfare of his family than he did for the safety and welfare of his country. Every faculty he possessed was devoted to the salvation of the Union.

"How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights.

So he grew up a destined work to do;
And lived to do it: four long, suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tributes, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood."

Taylor.

REBELS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Having finished reading a letter, he said, "Read this (handing me a letter signed by the Confederate Secretary of State), and tell me what you think of it." The letter was addressed to the rebel envoy at the French Court, and stated that preparations were being made to invade the Eastern frontier of the United States in the vicinity of Calais, Maine. It also expressed the opinion that an attack in so unexpected a quarter would dishearten the Northern people and encourage the Democrats to oppose the continuation of the war.

I told the President that this confirmed the truth of information I had communicated to him several weeks previously, that the rebels were preparing to raid on some of the Eastern States from the British Provinces. He replied, "That's so! You had better go down to New Brunswick, and see what the rebels are up to. The information contained in the despatches I have read is of great importance. There are two despatches which I cannot read, as they are in cipher; but I'll find some way to get at their contents."

I then rose to go, saying that I would go to "Willard's" and have a rest. "No, no," said the President, "it is now three o'clock, you shall stay with me while you are in town; I'll find you a bed,"

and leading the way he entered a bedroom, saying, "Take a good sleep; you shall not be disturbed." Bidding me "Good night," he left, to return to his investigation of the rebel letters.

HOSPITALITIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I did not awake from my sleep until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, soon after which Mr. Lincoln came into my room, and laughingly said, "When you are ready, I'll pilot you down to breakfast," which he did, and, seating himself at the table near me, expressed his fears that trouble was brewing on the New Brunswick border; that he had gathered further information on that point from the correspondence, which convinced him that such was the case. He was here interrupted by a servant, who handed him a card, upon reading which he arose, saying, "The Secretary of War has received important tidings; I must leave you for the present. Come to my room after breakfast, and we'll talk over this New Brunswick affair."

On entering his room, I found him busily engaged in writing, at the same time repeating in a low voice the words of a poem, which I remembered reading many years before. When he stopped writing, I asked him who was the author of that poem. He replied, "I do not know. I have written the verses down from memory, at the request of a

lady who is much pleased with them." He passed the sheet, on which he had written the verses, to me, saying, "Have you ever read them?" I replied that I had many years previously, and that I should be pleased to have a copy of them in his handwriting, when he had time and inclination for such work. He said, "Well, you may keep that copy, if you wish."

The following is the poem, as written down by Mr. Lincoln:—

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid, on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased,
Are the memories of mortals that loved her and praised.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage, the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass which we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights they often have seen ;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink ;
To the life we are clinging, our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died ; ah, they died. We, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

"*Presented to Dr. Ross by*
"A LINCOLN."

LEAVE FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

The rebel documents contained abundant evidence that the Confederates were organizing a band in Canada to raid upon the United States frontier, and the President was anxious that I should go to New Brunswick and, if possible, ascertain what the rebels were up to in that quarter.

I left Washington that night, and arrived in Boston in time to take the steamer for St. John, N.B. The boat was crowded with passengers, and I had to share my stateroom with a gentleman who came aboard at Portland. The features of my companion were dark and coarse; his hair, black and long. He was about six feet in height, of tough and wiry frame. His language and general appearance were strikingly Southern. I selected the top berth, and retired before him, so that I might the more readily observe him; for I had strong suspicions that he was a Confederate, which he proved to be.

OCCUPY A ROOM WITH A REBEL.

When he entered the stateroom, he introduced himself as the owner of one of the berths, and said: "I am glad you are not a Yankee." "How do you know?" I asked. "The clerk told me you were a Canadian, and the Canadians are all on our side." I easily engaged him in talking: he was a boastful braggart, fond of whiskey, of which he drank freely. I remarked that I was tired of hearing threats and boasts of what they, "the Confederates were going to do." This nettled my companion, and he exclaimed, "Well, sir! you'll soon hear that we *have* done something. We have many picked men in St. Andrews and St. John, New Brunswick, and we have a good supply of stores on Grand Menan Island. I expect thirty men from Canada next week. As soon as they arrive we will prepare for an attack on Eastport; and, by ——, we intend to wipe it out. And then we will attack Calais in the rear, and, if hard pressed, retreat into New Brunswick."

This astounding news corroborated the information obtained from the captured letters.

ARREST OF THE REBEL OFFICER.

On the arrival of the steamer at Eastport, my new acquaintance was arrested, and I telegraphed

to Mr. Lincoln the information obtained. A revenue cutter was immediately sent to Eastport. The Provincial authorities were warned, and prompt steps taken to prevent any infraction of the Neutrality Laws on the New Brunswick border.

MISSION TO RICHMOND.

Several weeks after my return from New Brunswick, I was requested by the President to come to Washington. On reporting to him, he said, "Doctor, I want you to go to Richmond, and endeavour to obtain the consent of the confederate authorities to treat our colored soldiers, now prisoners in their hands, as prisoners of war subject to exchange. As you are a Canadian, you will have more influence than any one I can think of," adding, "Of course you go simply as a friend of the colored race, and entirely on your own hook. You will be carried to the front, and turned loose to find your way to Richmond as best you can."

BETWEEN THE TWO ARMIES.

On the following day I reached the confederate lines. After perceiving a rebel soldier, I waved a handkerchief and approached him. When within several yards of him, he ordered me to halt, and asked who I was, and where from. Having satisfied him, he led me to his commander, who forwarded me to General Lee's headquarters.

INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL R. E. LEE.

I was taken into a large room, where there were many officers in uniform, some writing, others examining maps and in conversation. The officer with me announced my name, when an elderly gentleman approached me, saying, "I am General Lee; I am told you desire to go to Richmond. What is the business that takes you there?" This was said in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, which, together with his form and bearing, favorably impressed me. I regretted that so noble a man should be engaged in so unrighteous a cause. He listened respectfully to what I had to say, and then directed an officer to accompany me to Richmond.

INTERVIEW WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS AND SECRETARY BENJAMIN.

On the day following I was introduced to Mr. Benjamin. On being brought face to face with him my impression was, here is a smooth, oily, cunning, treacherous and deceitful man. He asked me to be seated and, seating himself, said, "Please state your business with the Government." While I was talking a door opened behind me and some person quietly entered the room and appeared to be listening to my intercession for the colored soldiers. When I had concluded, Mr. Benjamin said, "We cannot for one

minute entertain such a proposition, and Lincoln knew it before you left Washington." At this point a pale, thin, bilious-looking man approached me and in a quick, nervous voice said, "Tell Mr. Lincoln that we will not accord the right of exchange to our fugitive slaves whom he has armed and sent out to assasinate us. We will treat every colored soldier we capture as a fugitive slave. It is useless to discuss this matter." Jefferson Davis (for it was he who had spoken) had changed greatly in appearance since I first saw him in 1850. He was much thinner, and had a careworn look. He spoke slowly, but the tone indicated bitterness and hate towards the North. Early next morning I was conveyed to the outposts opposite Fortress Monroe, and from thence to Washington.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Lincoln cordially welcomed me back and expressed his gratitude for my services. When I informed him of the result of my mission he said, "Well, I did not expect any other result; if that is their determination we shall have to wait until they become more reasonable. It's bad for our colored boys. They must take care and not get captured." During my stay in Washington I was the guest of Mr. Lincoln and enjoyed many opportunities for studying the character of this extraordinary man.

MR. LINCOLN'S PATIENCE AND JUSTICE.

Many complaints had reached the President of the disloyalty of two prominent federal officers of the civil service in Baltimore. The President wrote to me as follows:—"I am in doubt as to the justice of the complaints made against them. Will you, please, satisfy yourself as to the matter, and inform me? Take sufficient time to be well satisfied."

Both of the officials were found to be traitors, using their official position to injure the government that fed them. Both made their escape to the confederacy, and to my chagrin the President expressed himself as *glad* that he was well rid of them.

PERSECUTION OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The cruel and unnecessary arrest of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Consul-General of the United States, at Montreal, for the alleged connivance at the kidnapping of one Redpath, was incited by the Confederate agents. Redpath had fled to Canada to escape punishment for murder committed during the draft riots in New York. A United States detective followed Redpath to Montreal, and arrested him. He was ironed, placed in a close carriage, and driven to the depot, where he was guarded by an

assistant, while the detective went to the United States Consulate, and told Mr. Giddings that he had arrested a man charged with murder in New York; that he had complied with the requirements of the extradition treaty, and requested Mr. Giddings to give him a letter to General Dix, advising compensation for the services of an assistant to convey Redpath to New York. Mr. Giddings, without ascertaining (for which he was in fault) whether all the formalities of the extradition treaty had been complied with, gave the detective a note to General Dix, in which he simply requested the General to remunerate the detective for the service of an assistant.

When the detective reached New York with his prisoner, Redpath obtained legal assistance, the result of which was, that the Canadian authorities demanded the return of Redpath to Canada. He was brought back and liberated. Then the Southern agents in Montreal took charge of this murderer, and induced him to prosecute Mr. Giddings. This was done to gratify their feelings of hatred toward a man who had for thirty years fought for the cause of human freedom.

HIS ARREST.

Mr. Giddings was arrested on Sunday evening, while dining at the house of a friend. The arrest

was made on a day and at an hour when it was hoped he would be unable to obtain bail, and consequently would have to lie in jail over night. Two prominent and wealthy citizens of Montreal, Harrison Stephens and Ira Gould, gave bonds for *thirty thousand dollars* for Mr. Giddings's appearance at the trial of the cause. Thus his enemies were baulked in their despicable attempt to throw an innocent old man into prison. Mr. Giddings was in poor health at the time this outrage was perpetrated; and he fretted and grieved over it continually.

After the rebel agents had used Redpath for their purpose, they cast him off. I concluded it was a propitious time to rid Mr. Giddings of Redpath and this vindictive persecution. I found the miserable creature, after considerable search, and prevailed upon him to withdraw the suit. He confessed that the Confederate agents in Montreal had instigated him to bring the action against Mr. Giddings. The anxiety and annoyance incident to this persecution hastened the death of this noble old standard-bearer of liberty.

In reference to this trouble, Mr. Giddings sent me the following letter from his home in Ohio, where he had gone for a brief rest:—

From the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings.

My very dear friend,—How can I ever repay you for this great act of friendship? That miserable wretch Redpath is not so

much to blame as Jacob Thompson, whose wicked brain concocted the persecution, and used Redpath as his instrument of torture. I am in constant dread that you will be assassinated by these rebel mercenaries, who are capable of any crime. Heaven protect you, my dear friend.

Yours devotedly,

Joshua R. Giddings

Ashtabula, Ohio, April 16th, 1864.

DEATH OF MR. GIDDINGS.

He died suddenly while amusing himself with a game of billiards in the St. Lawrence Hall.

The Montreal *Daily Witness* of that time, in speaking of the death of Mr. Giddings, said:

"One of the few men of any generation who are an object of attention to millions, has just passed away from among us, full of years and of the respect of all who appreciate unwavering principle and courageous perseverance. Mr. Giddings was quite convinced of his dissolution on Saturday last, when he handed to Dr. A. M. Ross, of this city, letters addressed to several officers of the government, that to Mr. Lincoln being very affectionate. That evening he spoke of a presentiment that impressed him that his death was near, and added that he had no fear of death. During the week he received from Mr. Secretary Chase a request that he would prepare an essay on the right of citizens to recover from the Government damages for property destroyed in war. He wrote one paper taking strong grounds against the acknowledgment of such claims. This paper he requested Dr. Ross to read yesterday morning, that he might correct it, and see that the infirmities of age were not visible in it."

EFFORTS TO AWAKEN KINDLY FEELINGS IN CANADA TOWARD THE UNITED STATES.

While engaged in circulating information as to the objects and purposes of the U. S. Government in the conduct of the war, and to remove prejudice and awaken kindly feelings towards the United States, I was subjected to the vilest abuse from confederate agents and their Canadian abettors. My life was often threatened, and a newspaper published in Montreal in the interest of the slaveholders, persistently assailed me and incited the enemies of freedom to acts of personal violence. I was usually referred to as the "nigger thief," " damned Yankee," or other expressive names.

When the enemies of freedom had succeeded in hounding Mr. Giddings to death, they opened their floodgates of abuse and slander upon me. So outrageous did their conduct become at last, that as an act of simple justice, the following was presented to me by the Mayor of Montreal, signed by distinguished Canadians of different religious and political creeds:

"The undersigned citizens of Montreal cheerfully bear testimony to the honorable and upright character and gentlemanly deportment of Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of this city."

Signed by the Honorable J. L. Beaudry, Mayor of Montreal; Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.; Hon. George E. Cartier, Ex-Prime Minister of Canada; Hon. Luther H. Holton, Minister

of Finance ; Hon. Charles S. Rodier, Ex-Mayor of Montreal ; William Molson, Esq., President Molson's Bank, and Harrison Stephens, Ira Gould and Edwin Atwater, Esqs., the most prominent and wealthy commercial men of the city.

FAVORITE REBEL RESORT.

During the Slaveholders' rebellion, the Donagana Hotel, Montreal, was the favorite resort of rebel emissarries of both sexes. Here I frequently saw Col. Magruder, Bennet Young, Dr. Harold, Dr. Blackburn, Jacob Thompson, " Mrs. Williams," " Belle Brunette," and many others of rebel proclivities. Jacob Thompson (formerly a member of Buchanan's cabinet) was a commissioner of the Confederacy, and had charge of the rebel funds in Canada.

SOUTHERN SCHEMES.

With Jacob Thompson, the rebel commissioner, I formed an acquaintance and found him an intelligent and agreeable man of ultra democratic views. He frankly told me that the Confederate scheme was much broader and more comprehensive than was generally known. He said, in substance, that when their (the rebel) independence was established, that a scheme of annexation by peaceful or forcible means would be inaugurated, by which Mexico and the Central and South American Republics would be annexed to the Confederacy, thus forming an immense Empire " with human slavery

for its base." That, finally, this Confederacy would become so powerful as to overshadow the Free States and compel them to unite with their Slave Empire. Such was the infernal scheme, as unfolded to me by Jacob Thompson, who spoke of it as one of the certainties of the future. What a blessing to the world that their barbarous scheme was crushed by the armies of freedom.

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On several occasions, during the progress of the war, I visited the army of the Potomac, and witnessed reviews of tens of thousands of soldiers. I felt that the spirit of John Brown was looking on the mighty hosts with gratifying approval and delight, as the Union soldiers marched proudly in review singing the John Brown song, and as regiment after regiment caught up the inspiring words, the air for miles around was filled with the shout, that "John Brown's soul through the world is marching on," I felt that "John Brown's soul not a higher joy could crave" than the success of the armies of freedom in their contest with the slaveholders.

STEPS TOWARD EMANCIPATION.

The following Acts and Proclamations illustrate the progressive steps by which, in the end, complete emancipation was reached :—

Attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following:—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war, for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

Article. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service of labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article, shall be dismissed from the service.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also, to the ninth and tenth sections of an Act entitled, "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hin-

dered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due, is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth, and *forever free*, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of

such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed Rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said Rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaim for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate, as the States and part of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: ARKANSAS, TEXAS, LOUISIANA (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Palquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, an Orleans, (including the City of Orleans), MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, NORTH CAROLINA, and VIRGINIA (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Acconac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this Proclamation had not been issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that *all persons held as slaves* within said designated States and parts of States *are und henceforward* SHALL BE FREE! and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense, and I recommend to them that in all cases allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favour of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
[L.S.] hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT AND PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

On the 18th of December, 1865, Secretary Seward officially announced to the world the glad tidings that the Constitutional Amendment abolished slavery and involuntary servitude throughout the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction, as follows:—

To all to whom these presents may come, Greeting:

Know ye, That whereas the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in words following, namely:

"A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States."

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and proposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

"'Article XIII.

"'SECTION 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"'SECTION 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article, by appropriate legislation.'"

And whereas, It appears from official documents on file of this Department, that the Amendment to the Constitution in the United States proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia, in all 27 States.

And whereas, The whole number of States in the United States is 36.

And whereas, The before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed Amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress, approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States, and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the Amendment aforsaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Thus terminated the great struggle between Freedom and Slavery in the United States.

LAUS DEO.

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun;
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

Loud and long,
Lift the old, exultant song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea;
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously.

Blotted out!
All within, and all about
Shall a purer life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

Ring and swing
Bells of joy! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that He reigns
Who alone is Lord and God!"

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet.*

Complimentary letters from President Lincoln, Governor Fenton and Charles Sumner.

From President Lincoln:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
March 9th, 1865.

To Dr. A. M. Ross, Montreal:

DEAR DOCTOR:—The terrible war is rapidly approaching its end. I write now to tender you my warmest thanks for the many valuable services you have rendered me since 1861. Your ability, zeal and fidelity merits and receives my sincere grati-

tude. * * * Accept my best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

A. Lincoln

From Governor Fenton :—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
STATE OF NEW YORK.
Albany, April 11th, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR :

On behalf of the loyal people of this State, I thank you for your patriotic services during the war; your active interest in our cause, I assure you, is highly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
R. E. FENTON,
Governor.

Dr. Ross, Montreal.

From Senator Sumner :—

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON,
January 31st, 1865.

Dr. A. M. Ross :

MY DEAR FRIEND :— * * * You deserve the thanks of this nation for your generous and patriotic labors in our behalf. * * * You have done a noble work, and I congratulate you on your record. May God bless you, is the prayer of your friend,

Chas Sumner

MEXICO.

When the slaveholders' rebellion broke out the Emperor Napoleon seized the occasion to invade Mexico and overthrow the Republic. He took this step, no doubt, in confident expectation that the slaveholders would succeed in establishing an empire on this continent. When, after four years of terrible war, the U. S. Government crushed the rebellion and established its supremacy over the whole country, the Mexican people made a determined effort to drive out their oppressors. I then offered my services as surgeon to President Juarez, who promptly accepted my offer as follows:

MEXICAN LEGATION, WASHINGTON, August 1st, 1865.

DR. ALEXANDER M. ROSS, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by President Juarez to accept your services as Army Surgeon, and to convey to you his high appreciation of your patriotic offer in this the darkest hour in the history of Mexico. With sentiments of high esteem, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

M. ROMERO,

Mexican Minister.

Many of my friends urged me not to risk my life in a struggle so unequal as that between the French Empire and poor down-trodden Mexico.

WENDELL PHILLIPS wrote me:—"In the present condition of affairs in Mexico, it is time, perhaps life, thrown away to endea-

vor to aid the Republicans. Take my advice, refrain from going —your wish to aid an oppressed race will, I am sure, find ample and honorable field and more effectual channels in our still distracted country. Save yourself for that, there is more to be done here than in Mexico in your day or mine, I am sure."

HORACE GREELEY wrote:—"Max. will root out Juarez and the Republicans, to be rooted out himself in turn, by the next move of revolution, and whether by the Clerical or Liberal party I cannot now guess. Max. will stand as long as Napoleon sends him troops and fools lend him money; when these resources fail, he goes down. It is not yet time for you to go to Mexico to help the Republic."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT wrote:—"I see by the *Tribune* that you are going to Mexico to help the Republicans. While I cannot but applaud your motives, I fear your life will be sacrificed in the unequal struggle. The pride of Napoleon is at stake, and the wretched demoralized Mexicans are no match for the legions of France. I hope you will not place your life in jeopardy for such a worthless race as the modern Mexicans appear to be."

In the meantime Mr. Seward, the U. S. Secretary of State, had informed the French Government that the invasion of Mexico, and the establishing of a government there inimical to the Republic, could not be viewed with friendly feelings by the U. S. The French army returned to France, and in a few months the Empire of Mexico collapsed, its Emperor, poor Max. the tool of Napoleon, was executed, and Juarez became President of the Republic of Mexico.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ OF MEXICO.

Like President Lincoln, Benito Juarez was the leader of his people in the hour of their greatest

stress and, like him, died in the Presidential office. In many ways this Indian of Oajaca merits all the floral, oratorical, and other tributes which have just been again, in annual commemoration, bestowed at his tomb. Whether as Governor of his native State, exile under Santa Anna's dictatorship, Minister under Alvarez, President of the Supreme Court, the relentless opponent of Miramon and the Clerical Party, or as the unfaltering head of the republic against French domination and Maximilian, Juarez was always of, and for, and with the people. Marks of his handiwork and that of his party are seen in the famous Constitution of 1857, under which it was possible to destroy the class legislation that had prevailed in the interest of the ecclesiastical and military parties, and to give greater freedom of speech and of the press, and greater political equality.

NATURAL HISTORY LABORS.

When the dreadful war was over, and the fight for the Union ended by the downfall of the Confederacy and the emancipation of the slaves, I made my home in Toronto, and began a labor which I had often contemplated with pleasurable feelings and promised myself, when my labor as an abolitionist was completed.

I have mentioned in the first pages of these memoirs that in my boyhood I was extremely fond of

natural history studies, and imbibed a desire to perform a labor for my own country, which had never before been attempted. This labor was the collection and classification of the *Flora* and *Fauna* of Canada. For several years I pursued this labor with all my energy, and with what success I leave to others more competent to judge, who make the testimonial record of my natural history labors. (See Appendix).

CHAPTER VII.

1851-1885.

Reminiscences:—Second Visit to Washington—Andrew Johnson in the Senate—Inauguration of President Lincoln—The President's Prospects—Of Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Lucretia Mott, the Poet Longfellow, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Joshua R. Giddings, William Lyon Mackenzie, Ralph Waldo Emerson, R. T. Trall, J. Emery Coderre, Senator Ben. Wade, Gen. Garibaldi, Gen. Houston, Gen. Walker—Inter-State Slave Trade—Republican Refugees in New York—Gerrit Smith.

SECOND VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

I WAS in Washington during the first week in March, 1861, and occupied a seat in the Reporters' Gallery of the Senate during the exciting debate which took place on the night of the 3rd of March. A resolution which had previously passed by a two-thirds vote was the subject of debate. The resolution read as follows:—

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

It was quite evident that the Senate was not disposed to adopt the Crittenden resolutions or any

other denying the right of secession. It was obvious from the speeches I heard that the utmost that could be extorted from the Senators was the passage of the above resolution, and even that appeared doubtful. Very few Senators were willing to place themselves on record as affirming the right of Congress to interfere with slavery in the States, but three-fourths of them were anxious to see it defeated,—the Republicans, because it looked like compromise; the Democrats, because it had a tendency to strengthen the Union sentiment in the democratic States.

The first thing that struck me, as I took my seat in the Reporters' Gallery, from which I had an excellent view of all the Senators, was the great change in the *personnel* of the Senate since I first visited it, in 1850-51. On looking down upon the group I observed several that occupied seats there twelve years before, but the "giants" were gone—Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton were no more, and their places were occupied by a very different type of men. The men from the North I could easily perceive to be men of much power, stern and inflexible in principle,—there was Sumner, Seward, Chase, Fessenden, brave "Old Ben Wade," Trumbull and Chandler, the acknowledged leaders of the Republican party. The men from the Slave States were arrogant and domineering, as of old,—there sat Mason, of Virginia, one of the most insolent

and overbearing men that slavery produced; Wigfall, of Texas, a brilliant speaker; Jefferson Davis, Clingman, of North Carolina; Yancy, of Florida; John C. Breakenridge, and other men of minor importance and ability. Then there was a third or intervening party, whose mission appeared to be to compromise between the extremes. The head of this party was Stephen Arnold Douglass, the so-called Little Giant of Illinois. He was a man of marked ability, a strong and forcible speaker, patient, firm, and untiring. Senators Crittenden, Doolittle, and Andrew Johnson acted with, rather than followed, Douglass.

The debate on the Revolution waxed hot and furious, all the prominent men taking part in the discussion. The Republican Senators, led by Sumner, and the Secessionists, led by Mason, sought to defeat a vote by proposing amendments, and consumed time by debates and discussions.

The compromise party, led by Douglass, opposed their tactics and sought to bring on a vote. All night. (March 3 and 4), and until six in the morning, the battle raged. Such a scene I shall probably never witness again. Finally, at 6 a.m., March 4th (just six hours before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln), the resolution passed by 24 to 12, the necessary two-thirds vote. All these compromises and efforts to adjust the slavery question paved the way for the slaveholders' rebellion, the emancipation of the slaves, and the regeneration of the nation.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

It was during this visit to Washington that I first heard Andrew Johnson speak. Mr. Johnson was a self-made man, a natural orator and as courageous a man as ever lived. One of the Southern Senators, during a debate on a Homestead Bill, had the bad taste to twit Johnson of his early trade—that of a tailor. Mr. Johnson's reply was one of the most thrilling bursts of eloquence I ever listened to.

He said: "When, after years of painful struggles to earn a livelihood at my humble trade, with the young wife I had brought from my native place in North Carolina, and the little family which had grown up around us, I was enabled to purchase a small plot of ground in Tennessee and build a cabin upon it which I could call my own, I remember the feeling of triumph and exultation with which we looked upon the poor little shed, and knew that at last we had A HOME OF OUR OWN. And then, long years ago, I made up my mind that, if ever I had the power, every poor man, struggling as I was, should be enabled to obtain a home—should have one spot of earth, however small, one cabin, however rude and scanty, which, in the light of heaven and the face of man, he should be able to call his own."

An ominous rustle in the galleries followed this

outburst, but subsided on a growl from Senator Mason. Senator Johnson continued inflicting a severe rebuke on the insolent object of his invective, and finally closing with a magnificent eulogium on the Union. On this, the pent-up feelings of the spectators could no longer be restrained. A tremendous cheer arose. Senator Mason instantly moved that the galleries be cleared. A few hisses were heard—then a stentorian voice shouted, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION!" They were given with a will. Not only did the men cheer and shout, but the ladies screamed and waved their handkerchiefs. Never since the first meeting of the Senate, did that body endure such an insult. For some minutes the din was overpowering.

"The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries!" commanded Senator Mason, fiercely.

It was easier said than done. There were at least five hundred excited men in the galleries. For some moments it was a question whether the Senate would clear the galleries, or the galleries the Senate. But finally the galleries were cleared and the doors locked.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The inauguration of President Lincoln took place on March 4. This was the proudest day of my life, for on this day I witnessed the inauguration of an

honest man, a sincere Republican, a lover of freedom and a lover of his country. Through the kindness of Mr. Sumner I obtained a good point of elevation, from which I witnessed the interesting and on this occasion important ceremony.

Most of the leading Secessionists had left for the South, to begin their work of destruction—supplied with means, stolen from the general Government, by the secretaries and officials of the Buchanan administration.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROSPECTS.

The prospect before Mr. Lincoln was anything but encouraging. The Slave States were in open rebellion, and the leading democrats of the Northern States were in open sympathy with the Southern rebels, The small regular army of the United States had been dispersed to far distant territories, and the ships of the navy were sent to European waters; the arsenals in the North were empty, and traitors held positions in every department of the Government. It was under these circumstances that President Lincoln entered upon that mighty conflict between freedom and slavery, between justice and crime, which resulted in the triumph of liberty and the overthrow of human slavery in the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Within a few weeks after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, I was introduced to him by Charles Sumner, and the opinion I formed of Mr. Lincoln at that interview, ripened into conviction as I became better acquainted with him, for I met him on several occasions during the war, under varied circumstances, and as I had no personal favors to ask of him, I was in a position to study him from a favorable standpoint. Personally and politically a more honest, generous, straightforward man never lived; and as the great and terrible war raged and progressed he grew in strength and wisdom and noble purpose, until he at last signed the emancipation proclamation, an act of justice which should have been performed three years earlier. But, if he was slow, he acted honestly, according to his best judgment. He was very cautious, slow in making up his mind, but reliable and firm when his decision was made. He was a good judge of men, rarely mistaken in his estimate; being of a kind, generous nature, he was often led to grant favors to undeserving men. In personal appearance, Mr. Lincoln was about six feet two inches in height, tall, thin, rugged, angular and awkward; his step unmeasured and unprecise; his feet and hands large, strong and bony; his face, long, thin and rugged; his head, large, and broad between

the temples; his eyes, blueish gray—beamed with kindness and wisdom: his language, well chosen and forcible, and always accompanied by appropriate gesture.

HORACE GREELEY.

I was in New York shortly after the presidential contest of 1872, and called upon Mr. Greeley. Clasping my hand in his, he said, pathetically, "I am glad to see you, my dear friend, for the end is near; I cannot stand this strain much longer, it is killing me by inches." I was shocked and pained by his appearance, all the old-time cheerfulness was gone, his countenance haggard and distressed, his eye had a hopeless and sad look. "For twenty days," he said, "I have not slept; I shall never sleep again, I pray for death." He trembled like a leaf: his beautiful hands were pressed against his dome-like brow, as if he were suffering intense pain. His skin had a pale, sickly appearance. I did all I could to cheer him up, but his destiny was on him; he could talk of nothing else but death, which he said he longed for and prayed for. His pitiful condition reminded me of his great grief years before, when in speaking of the death of his little son Pickie, he said to me (in substance): "If I felt sure that I should know and be with Pickie in the other world, I would prefer to die now, for life cannot efface the sorrow I feel." I never shall forget the scene, the

most distressing I ever witnessed. A great mind wrecked and stranded. When I bade him good-bye, he said, "My good friend, I shall never see you again in this world: the end is near." From that horrible scene I retired as if stunned by the approach of some terrible calamity. In less than three weeks from that day he died. He was a precious man. When in good health his face was shining and soul-lighted: beaming with kindness and goodwill. Intellectually, he was a giant, a king above princes: his brain was fine, large, and tireless. He loved and was loved by the common people; he was their friend and counsellor. He was one of the ablest minds, one of the purest characters, one of the hardest workers, and the most widely useful man of his generation. Of Horace Greeley it may be said, "The common people heard him gladly."

CHARLES SUMNER.

From New York I journeyed to Washington, and there met many old friends and acquaintances of by-gone years. One of my first visits was to the beautiful home of Charles Sumner—there I found him, among his books, pictures and lofty thoughts, much changed in appearance since I first saw him. He was older, grander, more stately and gracious. His noble countenance was marked and scarred by many conflicts with the slave power. His voice

had the same grand tone as of old, but softened somewhat by time. His hair was well mixed with grey, and his face bore the impression of internal pain and suffering. He told me that at times he suffered the most acute agony in the region of his heart. He had many sorrows that the world knew nothing of, and his heart was heavy with the fierce strife of a generation.

Mr. Sumner was a man of rare and extensive culture and accomplishments, but, better than all, he was an honorable man, a man of noble impulses and lofty aims. He was an honest, consistent and virtuous statesman, and one of the main pillars and support of the Republic during the slaveholders' rebellion. Mr. Lincoln honored, loved and trusted him implicitly. The last days of Mr. Sumner were embittered by many troubles. His own beloved State had judged him unkindly, and, as he felt, unjustly, while the conduct of President Grant toward him was not only cruel but base. I spent several hours in his company on this occasion, talking over the great struggle for freedom and the future of the Republic, and when I left he accompanied me to my hotel and bid me farewell.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

On my return homeward from Washington, I stopped for a day in Philadelphia, to visit my dear friend, the sweet Lucretia Mott. Wending my way

through the quiet city, I went to "Roadside," the serene home of this gifted and pure woman. She received me, as always, with a loving smile and sincerely kind welcome. She was nearly eighty years old, but her face still bore the charm of delicate and regular features. She was dressed, as usual, in a simple dove-colored Quaker dress, with a pure white muslin handkerchief crossed at the neck. On her head was a pretty little Quaker cap. She led me to a seat in the plain but extremely neat little sitting-room, and expressed her pleasure at meeting me again. During this visit, which lasted for two hours, she never ceased her knitting, except for a moment, at times when deeply interested. Her intellect was clear and her memory so retentive that she recalled many incidents that occurred sixty years before, and seemed never at a loss for a name or date. She still retained her brilliancy of mind and sympathy of nature as of old. If ever any woman inherited the earth, it was this blessed Quaker woman. Blessed, indeed, for the example of her industrious life, for the influence of her gentle teachings, for the honor that she conferred upon all womanhood. No misrepresentation or abuse, for she had both, ever deterred her from doing her duty. Her pure, sweet life made Lucretia Mott queen of the realm of humanity.

Mrs. Mott was small and slight of stature; her forehead broad and high; her eyes, dark blue, beamed with kindness and goodness; her hands

small, delicate, and finely shaped. Her home was the abode of peace and harmony. Mrs. Mott lived to be 87 years old, retaining all her faculties to the last. She died as she had lived—in peace.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From my early manhood I had been a diligent reader and warm admirer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I had also corresponded with him for several years, but had never met him or seen him. I had received frequent and pressing invitations to visit him, but could not find time; finally there came a letter so urgent and pressing that I decided to gratify my long-felt desire to meet this god-like man.

INVITATION FROM CONCORD.

"My Dear Dr. Ross,—* * * I hope you will make your first visit to Massachusetts and Concord, the rather that my family and friends are finding that I am losing my mother tongue and have to look to them for words. Perhaps that is the reason I have not written to the dear little Garibaldi. Let me have good news of you soon, and bring them yourself. Please let your visit cover the last Saturday of the month, so that I may make you acquainted with some very good people in our Saturday Club, which dines on the last Saturday of every month. With best hope and affectionate regards."



VISIT RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A few days after the receipt of the above letter, I left Canada for Concord. On my arrival there I found Mr. Emerson at the depôt, waiting to receive me. I recognized him at once from a photograph I had seen, but no picture can give the impression of his personal presence. He came toward me with his hand extended, saying, "You are Dr. Ross." The expression of his countenance was so pure and sincere, his manner so gentle and magnetic, his every act so cordial, that I was charmed with my reception. There was no vigorous or impulsive hand-shaking, but the serene light of cordiality that emanated from his features as he gave me his greeting, and held my hand in a warm and steady clasp, was impressive and made me feel at home with him at once.

He was tall, slender, and somewhat bent with years, his hair grey and thin, his nose long and prominent, his mouth was somewhat large, his lips closed with a firm, interested smile, his eyes were blue, straightforward and honest, and seemed to look at you from out another world; his ears were large and impressed me as being his only connection with the world of sensation. He walked with his head bent slightly forward, and appeared to me to be unconscious of what was passing around him.

He partook of food in a methodical manner, as if in philosophic obedience to the need of eating. His features were sharply cut and very intellectual; his voice had a strange power which affected me more than any other voice I had ever heard—it was a purely intellectual voice, the music of spiritual utterance: it was a clear, keen, penetrating, sweet voice, a fit medium for the utterances of his commanding mind. At times it had an impersonal character, as though a spirit was speaking through him.

My visit was on Friday, and the evening was spent in his library, where we (or rather he, for I was a willing and charmed listener) talked until midnight, when I was shown to my bedroom, the same, I understood, as occupied by John Brown, Mrs. Stowe, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, and many other kindred spirits. On the morrow (Saturday) we dined at the Saturday Club, where I met Mr. Longfellow, whom I had known previously, and who said: "Do not fail to call upon me before you return home." I was introduced to many excellent persons whose names I now forget. I was treated with marked kindness and consideration by all, and at the table was seated with Mr. Emerson on my right and Mr. Longfellow on my left.

In my cherished interviews with Mr. Emerson, I was made to realize the superiority of the spiritual over the physical part of man. It was only by

personal intercourse with him that the singular force, sweetness, elevation, originality, and comprehensiveness of his nature could be appreciated.

I parted from him with feelings of sincere regret, but while I live I shall never lose the spiritual peace that emanated from the presence of this god-like man.

DEATH OF EMERSON.

His health had been breaking down for a year or more past, while his consciousness that his memory was giving way, led him to seek seclusion. The funeral of his old friend Longfellow, however, called him to Cambridge, and despite the inclemency of the day, he followed the procession to Mount Auburn, and stood at the verge of the grave. His feebleness attracted attention and aroused fears that it could not be long before his last day must also come. It has come, and the scholarship of the world mourns the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson was the supreme representation of the highest type of manhood. Simplicity and purity were the bases of his character and thought, his temperance was like his religion, unconscious of itself—natural. He was a white soul—the purest and sweetest of our time.

VISIT THE POET LONGFELLOW.

From Concord I went to Cambridge to visit Mr. Longfellow. I was shown into his library, a fine

large room, the floor of which was covered with a rich Persian carpet, and the walls panelled with dark oak. At one end of the room stood lofty oaken book-cases, framed in drapery of crimson cloth. Easy chairs were scattered about, giving the room an air of comfort. In the centre of the room was a large table littered with books, pamphlets, and papers. I had time to make the above observations when Mr. Longfellow entered and greeted me warmly. He was a very different personage from Mr. Emerson. He impressed me as a cultivated English gentleman of fortune and ease. His dress was very becoming. His hair was fine, and as white as snow. His skin had the peculiar pallor that comes of old age. He was active in his movements and very talkative, making many enquiries about Canada. Mr. Longfellow had a fine head, the forehead was broad, indicating intellectual power. His eyes were beautiful, large and lustrous, from which the fire of youth seemed not to have fled. He spoke in terms of love of Emerson, saying: "he (Emerson) is a full soul." Of Charles Sumner he also spoke with reverent feeling, and showed me a fine bust of him. When I rose to take leave, he said, "I must show you the great tree," and, while he stood underneath its giant arms, admiring the majestic elms of which he was so proud, he gave me a brief history of the old mansion which he occupied, which was once the headquarters of General Washington during the revolutionary war.

VISIT THE QUAKER POET.

From Cambridge I went to Amesbury, the home of dear Whittier, and was delighted to find him in excellent health, and the same warm-hearted, sincere shy man as of old. He said he wrote but little now, as he felt the weight of his years. He seemed pleased to converse upon the Anti-slavery contest and the exciting incidents of that period. In speaking of John Brown, he said, "I regret that I never saw him. In my little trifle, 'John Brown of Osawatomie,' I allude to his act of kissing a negro child, which I am told is apocryphal, a poetical license." In speaking of Emerson, he said, "Of all Americans, living or dead, he is *the only one* that will be remembered one thousand years hence. Emerson will take rank with Plato and Socrates." Of Lucretia Mott and Mr. Garrison he spoke in terms of loving kindness, adding, "Thee should not return home without seeing Mr. Garrison, he often speaks of thee and thy labors in words of praise."

CALL UPON WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Bidding the good Quaker farewell, I returned to Boston, and called upon Mr. Garrison, whom I found in poor health, but mentally he was as active and industrious as ever. He was a remarkable man, the most determined, brave, persistent enemy that ever

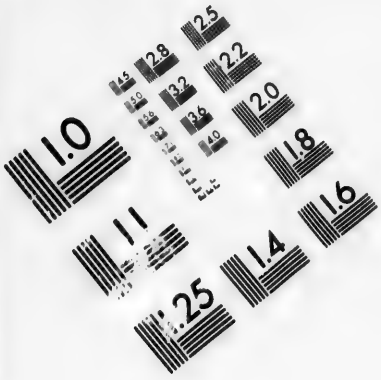
assaulted the institution of slavery He did not possess a particle of the spirit of compromise. He never for one hour relaxed his warfare, until his object was accomplished, and slavery abolished. In speaking of the great event, he said, "neither you nor I, nor any other abolitionist expected to live to see this unparalleled transformation—the entire four millions of slaves set free from their bonds and raised to the rights of American citizenship."

While in Boston I had the good fortune to meet Lydia Maria Child; she was very old and feeble, but cheerful and happy. Her life and labors were drawing to a close, but her mind was active with the stirring events of by-gone years, on which she loved to dwell, recalling many interesting occurrences of anti-slavery days.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

My good friend Wendell Phillips was absent from the State at the time, which was a matter of deep regret to me, as I longed once more to meet this fearless and eloquent advocate of freedom.

With Mr. Phillips I had been on terms of warm personal friendship since 1856, and had always found him a never-failing tower of strength, courage and inspiration He was a faithful friend and wise counsellor; a natural orator, agitator and reformer; an honest, fearless and uncompromising



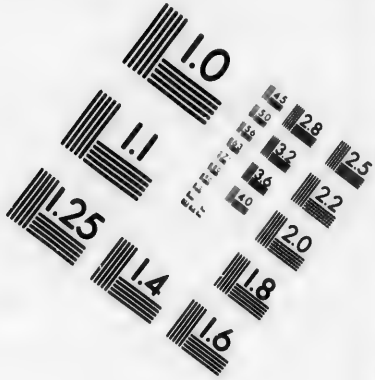
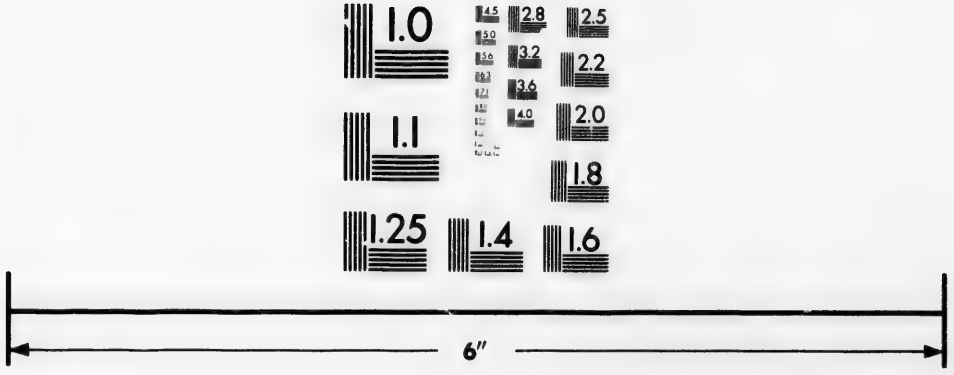
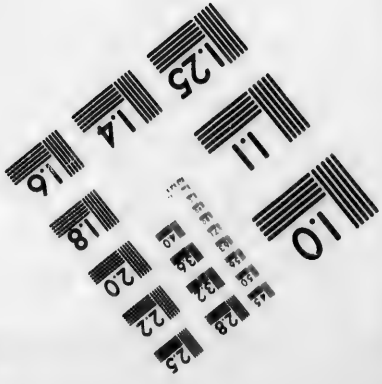


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opponent of tyranny and injustice, whereever it existed.

" He had his faults, they said, but they were faults
Of head and not of heart—his sharp assaults,
Flung seeming heedless from his quivering bow,
And heedless striking either friend or for,
Were launched with eyes that saw not foe or friend,
But only, shining far, some goal or end,

" That, compassed once, should bring God's saving grace
To purge and purify the human race.
The measure that he meted out he took,
And blow for blow received without a look,
Without a sign of conscious hurt or hate,
To stir the tranquil calmness of his State.

" Born on the heights and in the purple bred,
He chose to walk the lonely ways instead,
That he might lift the wretched and defend
The rights of those who languished for a friend.
So, many years he spent in listening
To these sad cries of wrong and suffering.

" It was not strange, perhaps, he thought the right
Could never live upon the easeful height,
Nor strange, indeed, that slow suspicion grew
Against the class whose tyrannies he knew.
But, bitter and unsparing as his speech,
He meant alone the evil deed to reach.

" No hate of persons winged his fiery shaft,
He had no hatred but for cruel craft
And selfish measurements, where human Might
Bore down upon the immemorial Right.
Ev'n while he dealt his bitterest blows at power,
No bitterness that high heart could devour."

DR. R. T. TRALL.

Dr. Trall was one of the most gifted men in America. He was quite a young man when I formed his acquaintance. I was attracted to him by his earnest appeals for medical reform. To him we are indebted—more than to any other man—for our present knowledge of hydropathy and hygienic therapeutics. He was an able and effective writer in the cause of medical reform. Many of his works on hydropathy and hygiene have become class-books, and surpass all others in clear, precise, and faithful delineation of hygeo-therapeutics. He founded and organized the first hygeio-therapeutic college in the world, of which he remained the active head until his death. His students and graduates have gone forth as ministering angels to afflicted humanity. The present successful College of Hygienic Physicians and Surgeons of St. Louis is the product of his teachings and labors.

DR. J. EMERY CODERRE.

My staunch and most faithful supporter and friend, during my warfare against compulsory vaccination in Montreal (in 1885), was Dr. J. Emery Coderre, Professor of the Medical Faculty of Victoria University, and physician to the Hotel Dieu. Dr. Coderre was a veteran in the cause of human

freedom. In 1837, he labored with persistent fidelity under Papineau and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, against the tyrannical government of that day. He was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of high treason. Dr. Coderre possessed a most kind and gentle disposition, but where the rights and liberties of man were concerned, he was as uncompromising and determined as man could be. He joined me at a time when every man's hand in Lower Canada was against me, when the medical profession and the clergy were engaged in circulating the most outrageous slanders and lies against me; when the press, without exception, joined the doctors in pouring out vials of abuse and hate upon me. This required a high order of courage, backed by pure moral principles—qualities Dr. Coderre possessed in a high degree. He was a tower of strength to me in a trying time. A nobler or braver man than Dr. J. Emery Coderre never lived; he endured persecution, injustice, ostracism, poverty, and want, and died facing his enemies.

SENATOR BEN WADE.

My acquaintance with Benjamin F. Wade dated from 1850–51. I first met him at the house of Doctor Baily (called "Coventry" by the democrats and slaveholders, because it was the resort of ultra whigs, abolitionists and others opposed to slavery).

There have been few distinguished men who, in all their ways, and through all their career, have

been more thoroughly American than Senator Wade. His sense of justice naturally made him an anti-slavery man. He was always faithful to his liberal principles. He was uncompromising in his opposition to slavery. He could not be intimidated or cajoled. The slaveholders in Congress, who were accustomed to brow beat and threaten Northern members of weaker material, found Senator Wade as firm as a rock, and as brave as a lion. Had it not been for the treachery of a Kansas Senator, Andrew Johnson would have been deposed, and Senator Wade would have succeeded him as President of the U. S.

REPUBLICAN REFUGEES, NEW YORK, 1851.

The failure of their schemes had driven these ardent republicans to take refuge in America, where many of them were suffering extreme poverty.

General Garibaldi, late General-in-Chief of the armies of the Roman Republic, was earning his bread by daily labor; Gen. Avezzani, late Roman Minister of War, was engaged in the cigar business; while a Prussian colonel was selling beer by the glass; a member of the French Chamber of Deputies was a cigar vendor; and a French general of cavalry was trying to sell walking sticks opposite the Astor House.

Every Sunday night, these refugees from tyranny met together in a little restaurant, near the Battery,

kept by a late official of the Roman Government. On some evenings there were as many as thirty exiles of different nationalities present, but usually not more than twelve or fifteen; General Garibaldi was the central figure of the group—great deference and respect was always shown him. The principle theme of conversation was the political condition of Europe. At these meetings I frequently met Felix Pyatt, Hugh Forbes, Louis Blanc, Gen. Drouet, ex-officer of the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, and many others of less prominence whose names I forget—among them French Republicans, English Chartists, Italian Carbonari and German Communists. Nearly all of these men were occupied in daily labor of some kind, trying to support their unhappy lives. Their peculiar dress, manner, language, spirit and enthusiasm was interesting to me, while their history, sufferings and loneliness enlisted my warmest sympathy for these brave men, who had endured so much suffering and sacrifice in the cause of freedom. It was very gratifying to me, that I was privileged to enjoy their society, and to listen to their conversations. On several occasions very exciting scenes occurred. These men were well aware that their steps were dogged by spies in the pay of European governments, and strict precaution was observed to prevent the intrusion of these servants of despotism. On one occasion, a great uproar was created by the discovery that a stranger was in the

room, who could not give a satisfactory account of himself. He was finally released, upon the assurance of Col. Forbes that he was all right. But the experience of subsequent years has satisfied me that Col. Forbes himself was a traitor, and the means of causing the imprisonment and death of several of these refugees. It was he who betrayed the confidence of John Brown to the U. S. Government and obliged Capt. Brown to hasten his assault on Harper's Ferry before he was quite ready.

GENERAL JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

I first met Garibaldi at the house of a mutual friend on Staten Island, New York. He had but recently arrived in America, from Italy. A few months before I met him he was dictator of Rome, with an army of 20,000 men under his command, now, a refugee without sufficient means to supply the necessaries of life. The tyrant of France "Napoleon the Little," had crushed the hopes of republican Italy under the feet of the French army, and Garibaldi, finding no safety in Europe, had taken refuge in the United States, until another turn in the wheel of revolution should recall him to his beloved Italy. From early manhood I had been an enthusiastic admirer of this heroic soldier of freedom, and my personal intercourse with him during several months increased my admiration and filled me with profound respect and love for this

great man, who, after many years military command in South America and Italy, battling for freedom, could lay down his sword and engage in the most humble occupation to provide for his simple wants, in preference to dependence upon his friends, who would have esteemed it a favor to have placed their fortunes at his disposal. General Garibaldi was at this time about forty-three years of age, of medium height, large head and noble brow, his eyes blueish gray, with a keen, intelligent and kindly expression; his hair dark brown, whiskers inclined to reddish, feet and hands small and well formed, chest and shoulders broad, indicating great strength. He was cool, quiet and self-possessed in his manner, his voice low and musical in tone, his language concise and to the point. He spoke the French, Spanish and Italian languages with ease, and English indifferently. He wore dark trousers, and a red flannel shirt, and over this, when the weather required additional covering, a heavy grayish white cloak lined with red flannel. During the general's residence in America I spent many happy days in his company, charmed by his simple, unaffected manner and kindly disposition, as much as by his heroic services in behalf of freedom. He finally grew restless and dissatisfied with the narrow life he was leading, and engaged as captain of the Italian ship "Immaculate Conception." Before leaving, he changed the name to the "Commonwealth," and

sailed for South American and Chinese ports. He afterwards make several trips to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston. On the occasion of his visit to Boston in 1853, as captain of a ship, I again met him. He had not changed much in appearance, except that his face and hands were bronzed by exposure. He was the same mild, quiet man, his voice as sweet and musical as when I first knew him in 1851. During his short stay in Boston, I saw him frequently and listened to his modest recital of incidents personal to his wonderful career. When I clasped his hand for the last time, as he was about sailing for Italy, he said :—"Dear Ross, if you are ever blessed with a son, do me the favor of giving him my name, and may it be a good augury for him." And when in the course of time his wish was complied with, he sent my little boy the following letter :—

Caprera, October 20th, 1873.

To my precious godson Garibaldi Ross :

My Dearest :—I think of you constantly and hope you will grow up a brave and good man. Remember that time is money, and to waste it is a crime. Embrace with ardor and steadfastness sound and liberal principles. * * * *

I send you an affectionate embrace, and a father's wish for your future happiness.

Yours devotedly for life,

G. Garibaldi

On each succeeding birthday the general sent affectionate words of congratulation and kind wishes for his godson. In 1874, an Italian friend wrote me that Garibaldi was extremely poor, in fact, often without the necessaries of life. I at once wrote to the general, asking him to accept some assistance form me. He replied as follows:

Caprera, 1st September, 1874.

My Dear Ross:—

* * * I accept with gratitude your generous offer. I beg you to send me a draft on a European banker. * * *

A kiss for your little son.

I am for life your devoted

In acknowledging the receipt of my draft, he added, "A thousand thanks, my dear Ross, for this grateful token of your continued friendship."

In view of the ingratitude and neglect which the Italian Ministry had displayed toward this illustrious man, who made Italy free, and gave a kingdom to Victor Emmanuel, I deemed it my duty to make public the general's condition, which I did in a letter published in the New York *Tribune* of October 3rd, 1874. The letter was cabled to Rome, and appeared next day in all the leading newspapers of Italy, to the utter confusion of the Italian Ministry. Contributions for the general, from sympathizing friends in all countries, were sent to him. The parliament of Italy voted him a pension of $20,000 a year for life, and the people of Rome elected him a

member of the first parliament of united Italy that sat in Rome. His heroic and persistent struggles to free his beloved Italy from the yoke of the foreigner have been crowned with success, and to-day the name of Garibaldi stands before an admiring world without a spot to dim the purity of his fame. From Italy to Montevideo, from Montevideo to Rome, from Rome to Sicily and Naples, and from the dictatorship of Naples to his humble home in Caprera, and from there to the parliament of United Italy, in victory and defeat, Garibaldi always displayed the soul of the hero and patriot, never thinking of himself, but always of the oppressed and downtrodden.

The mere narrative of Garibaldi's life reads like a mediæval legend, or a tale of heroic times. He is at once the Achilles and Ulysses of the Italian national epic. Long before his name was heard of in Europe, his exploits both by sea and land had made it a word of power in the new world. Having become involved in revolutionary intrigues, he quitted Europe, in 1836, for South America, only to return after twelve years' exile, the story of which, with its stirring adventures, both of war and peace, is as wonderful as any subsequent portion of his extraordinary career in Europe. He experienced many vicissitudes during his exile in South America. At one time commander-in-chief of an army, then a guerilla chief, then captain of a war

vessel, then a prisoner, then a private soldier, a dealer in cigars and jewellery, a school teacher, a peddler, a teacher of French, then again a commander of an army; such are a few of the changes in his wonderful career.

BRIEF SKETCH OF GARIBALDI'S CAREER.

Garibaldi was born at Nice of humble parents, on the 4th of July, 1807. At an early age he embraced his ancestral calling of a sailor, and was for several years engaged in the coasting trade in various parts of the Mediterranean. At the age of twenty-four he became acquainted with Mazzini, with whom he was concerned in a successful conspiracy against Charles Albert, the king of Sardinia. Compelled to leave his country, he eventually made his way to South America, and soon after his arrival in that country engaged in the privateer service of the revolted republic of Rio Grande against Brazil, and experienced the various vicissitudes of victory, defeat, imprisonment, shipwreck, and escape in the revolutionary war. Amidst his dangers by land and sea, he found comfort in his marriage with a Brazilian lady named Anita, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who fully returned his affection. In battle, whether by sea or land, Anita was at his side, aiding with sword and gun, and dauntless courage, her lion-like husband. In peace or war, in good or ill fortune, she was al-

ways his truest and best friend. During the siege of Rome, the fighting was continuous night and day, she never left Garibaldi's side, and when the fortunes of war compelled him to withdraw from the city, disband his army, and become a fugitive in the marshes, she never left him, until overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, she laid down and died. She was a heroic wife of a heroic man.

In 1847, hearing of the elevation of Pius IX. to the Papacy, and persuaded of his liberal tendencies, Garibaldi offered him his services, but they were not accepted. He then offered his sword to Charles Albert, then in the field against Austria, and upon being repulsed by that monarch he repaired to Milan, where he was commissioned by the provincial Government to organize Lombard volunteers for the war for freedom. After the flight of the Pope, Garibaldi visited Rome, where he found the people rejoicing over the proclamations of a republic, under which he was elected to the Constituent Assembly. He received orders to watch with his troops the movements of the King of Naples, but was called from this duty in order to resist the French army, which was then proceeding to invest the Roman territory. A severe battle took place on the 30th of April, in which Garibaldi, after a hard struggle against superior discipline and numbers, drove the French soldiers from the field. This victory was followed up by another over the Neapolitan army on the 9th of May. Rome, how-

ever, after a terrible struggle, which raged without intermission from the 23rd to the 28th of June, fell into the hands of the French, and on the 2nd of July, Garibaldi, with 5,000 of his volunteers, took his departure, to carry on the war against the Austrians and the King of Naples. But misfortunes overpowered him. Many of his soldiers surrendered to the enemy, and his faithful Anita, who had shared all his dangers, yielded up her life a victim to anxiety and fatigue.

Then came the episode of his life in America, on Staten Island, and then a brief return to his old business as a trader in Southern and Chinese seas. Having amassed a little capital, he purchased half of the small island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia, where he settled down as an agriculturist, determined to await events.

The opportunity came, in 1859, when he was summoned by Victor Emmanuel to Turin, to concert the plan which he was to play against the Austrians then threatening Sardinia. He received a commission as Lieutenant-General, and found himself at the head of a choice band of 3,000 volunteers, with which he left Turin, on the 20th of May, and carried on a guerilla warfare, which greatly harassed the Austrians. His followers soon increased to 17,000 men. He took Varese, Camerlats, and Como, and was successful at Bergamo, Brescia, and Rezzato.

After the hasty treaty of Villafranca, which put an end to the war, leaving Venice in the hands of

the Austrians, Garibaldi retired from his command, and resigned his rank in the Italian army, in order that he might be free to engage in his long-meditated expedition for the liberation of the two Sicilies from the misrule of Francis II.

When all was ready, he embarked from Genoa for Sicily, on the 5th May, 1860, and landed on the 10th, at Marsala, where he proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and proceeded to take Palermo and Messina. He then crossed the straits, landed in Calabria, and possessed himself of Naples, which he entered on the 9th September. There he proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King, amidst general enthusiasm and rejoicing. The Neapolitan army was defeated on the 1st of October; on the 21st, the people of Naples voted in favor of annexation to the Sardinian States; on the 7th of November, Victor Emmanuel entered Naples, and on the 27th, the army of Garibaldi was disbanded.

Garibaldi now retired to Caprera, where he matured his plans for the ill-advised and unsuccessful expedition against Rome, in which Victor Emmanuel was obliged to take part against him. In 1864, he paid a short visit to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and again retired to Caprera. He took an energetic part in the campaign of 1866, which gave Venice to Italy, but still restless under the exclusion of Rome from the kingdom, he began an agitation, in 1867, for the annexation of the

SOARBORO MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

Papal States. This brought him again into collision with the Italian government, and he suffered arrest and imprisonment. He succeeded, however, in escaping, and entered the Pontifical States at the head of a small force. After a few unimportant successes, he was defeated by the combined French and Papal forces at Mentana, on the 4th of November. On the evening of the same day he was arrested, and conducted to the fortress of Varigano, near Spezia. Owing to a severe illness, it was deemed expedient to transport him to Caprera. With the exception of the brief service in France during the Franco-German war, Garibaldi's military career was now ended. He lived to see the desire of his heart fulfilled, in the restoration of Rome as the Capital of United Italy, and although he would have preferred a republic, he gave a loyal support to monarchy, as offering the only practicable solution of the great problem of Italian freedom and unity.

Garibaldi's last letter to the author:

CAPRERA. July 29th, 1880.

MY DEAREST ROSS;—

Give a kiss for Manlio and me to my precious godson, Garibaldi (my son), and a loving salutation to all your family.

Yours for life,

G. Garibaldi

DEATH OF GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi died at Caprera, on the evening of June 2nd, 1882. The window of the apartment in which he lay was open, and just before he died a little bird alighted on the window sill where it remained twittering. Garibaldi saw it and exclaimed, "How joyful it is." These were his last words. The funeral of Garibaldi at Caprera was not less romantic than his chequered life. Never was hero buried under such novel circumstances. Practical difficulties, combined with the expression of Italian opinion to prevent his body being burned as provided by the General's will. Amid a furious storm, the remains of the dead Liberator, borne by survivors of the Thousand of Marsala, were consigned to a temporary tomb beside the remains of his children, Rosa and Anita. He wanted to be burned as Pompey was, so he put the matter into his will to give his purpose sacredness. "Having by testament determined the burning of my body," he wrote, "I charge my wife with the execution of this will, before giving notice to anyone whomsoever of my death." He had even collected and cut up into convenient size a quantity of spicy woods, to be used for his funeral pyre. This was poetic, but of no avail, as the following letter from his widow explains:—

SARACCHI, PIEDMONT,
July 12th, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. ROSS.

The cruel misfortune which has deprived me of a most loving husband and my children of a kind and affectionate father, has crushed me to despair. I cannot help thinking that he might have been spared to us if he had been on the mainland where he could have had medical skill. In his will he expressed a desire that his remains should be burned; dear soul, so much was he desirous of it that he charged me, in his last testament, not to let anyone know of his death until after his body was consumed. His wishes were overruled, and his remains now lie near his children, Rosa and Anita. My dear husband often spoke to me of your long friendship for him, and charged Manlio (his youngest son) and me never to forget your faithfulness during many years. My daughters and Manlio join me in tender regard to you and your little Garibaldi and all your family. * * *

Affectionately and devotedly,
FRANCESCO GARIBALDI.

No name in the history of modern Italy shines with a more brilliant or purer light. The sturdy old patriot was a hero of a noble type. No one did more for the welfare of his country than he, and despite the criticisms called fourth by the apparent inconsistencies of his later life, the good he wrought was fairly appreciated. That is not the happy lot of some patriots. Garibaldi was earnest and sincere, thoroughly honest and unselfish, true in his friendships, and a good hater toward those who wronged him. In parliament he was silent and obscure; his place was in the field leading a fight for liberty. Garibaldi has been much condemned because he was

content to accept finally a monarchy for his country, instead of a republic, but therein he showed more political wisdom than at any other time of his life. A republic then was impracticable. The acceptance of a pension by him from the King cannot be considered as a bribe, or as the wages of silence. His native land, and, above all, Victor Emanuel, owed him a comfortable old age. A confirmed invalid, it is a pleasure to know that the old hero was able to spend his last days in peace and quiet on his island, where he was most at home and happiest. Garibaldi loved Italy above all other earthly objects; but his great heart throbbed in sympathy with struggles for freedom in any part of the world. The patriot and hero died, beloved not only by the great mass of his own countrymen, but by lovers of freedom in all parts of the world.

GARIBALDI'S DREAM.

"One day I fell asleep in my cabin on board the *Carmen*, and dreamt that I was in Nice, where all nature bore a lovely aspect. In my dream I saw a sad procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced towards me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the bier, but I could not move, I was under the influence of nightmare; and when I began to move and felt beside me the cold form of a corpse, I recognized my mother's blessed

face. The mournful howling of the wind and the groans of the ship aroused me. On that day, and at that hour, my precious mother died."

The portrait of Garibaldi's mother always hung near his bed. It represented an old lady wrapped in a crimson shawl, and with a mild, sweet countenance. Garibaldi's veneration for his mother was intense. If he saw anyone looking at her picture tears would start to his eyes. He often expressed remorse at having by his adventurous life been a source of cruel anxiety to her. She was a woman of remarkable goodness and inexhaustible charity.

HOW HE WON ANITA.

One evening, while his vessel lay off the coast of Brazil, he saw a group of women and girls at work on the shore. At first their forms passed unnoticed before him, but by degrees, his eye, and perhaps his heart, fixed upon one, and he stopped to contemplate her. She was a young woman, in the bloom of health and strength. She was the ideal woman that Garibaldi was in search of. Before he had spoken to her, or heard her speak, he loved her. She, also, had remarked the leonine blonde head of the foreign sailor who watched her day after day, and had already given her heart to him. One evening Garibaldi resolved to delay no longer, and went to the girl's home. At the door he met

her father, who invited him in to take a cup of coffee; he would have entered without invitation. Without hesitation he said to the girl, "Maiden, will you be mine?" to which she replied only by a look, which contained the promise of unutterable love; a few evenings after, he returned and carried her off, and put her on board the safe refuge of his vessel and under the protection of his cannon and his sailors. He swore before Heaven to make her his wife, and they were married at Montivideo soon after. Her name was Anita Riberas; her father had promised her to another, for whom she had no love. Her marriage to Garibaldi distressed her father very much, but Anita had not broke faith with her father's choice, as there was no engagement (or marriage, as has been frequently said). "If there was any wrong done, I only am to blame," Garibaldi said.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Joshua R. Giddings was the "bravest of the brave" among old time abolitionists; neither friends nor enemies could check his onslaught on slavery. He was the leader in the House of a little band of Free Soilers that formed the nucleus of the Republican party of the future.

Mr. Giddings encountered obloquy and social outlawry at the Capital. His position was offensive,

because it rebuked the ruling influence of the time. He was treated as a pestilent fanatic, because he upheld the ideal of the Republic, and sought to make it real. He found solace for his social ostracism in the company of a few friends, who had the courage of their opinions and who have lived to see their principles vindicated.

Mr. Giddings served in Congress, in all, twenty-one years. From his first appearance in the House he was distinguished for constant devotion to the principles of liberty. He was so unceasing in his opposition to slavery that he aroused the bitter hostility of the pro-slavery party. Indeed, so intensely was he feared and hated in the Slave States that a prominent newspaper of Richmond, Va., contained a conspicuous advertisement, offering ten thousand dollars to any one who would bring the person of Mr. Giddings alive to Richmond, or five thousand dollars for his head. On one occasion, while he was delivering a speech in the House that wounded the tender feelings of the slave-holders a southern member approached him with a terrible-looking bowie- knife in his hand, and ordered Mr. Giddings to cease speaking or he "would cut his damned abolitionist heart out there and then." Mr. Giddings gave the cowardly assassin such a look of defiance and scorn that he turned and slunk back to his seat utterly discomfited. When I asked the old patriot how he felt when threatened with in-

stant death, he said, "I knew I was speaking for liberty, and I felt that if the assassin killed me, my speech would still go on and triumph."

Mr. Giddings was conspicuous for the courage with which he attacked slavery, and in all discussions on this subject, he took the broad ground that slavery was a mere local institution, which the general government could not, and ought not, to recognize.

He stood shoulder to shoulder with John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, in resenting the tyrannical demands of the slave-drivers.

As a public man, Mr. Giddings was pure, honorable, and conscientious. As a speaker, he was forcible, pertinacious, and courageous. In all his acts he showed personal courage and a determination to maintain the right at all hazards; and during the long struggle with slavery he never flagged in the fight, although he was ostracised by all men, except half-a-dozen, at the national capital, and denied the common civility and friendship of social life, but he fought on, and fought on, until in his last days he saw the triumph of the principles for which he had endured so much and labored so hard.

In personal appearance (in 1850) Mr. Giddings was a magnificent rugged specimen of physical strength. He was fully six feet in height, powerfully and compactly built; his head was large, and covered with dark brown hair, slightly mixed with

grey, and inclined to curl; his countenance, when denouncing the wrongs of slavery or excited by the heat of discussion, was truly grand and lion-like, and presented a picture of herculean strength, backed by moral power; his eyes were blue, and expressed kindness and honesty; his nose large and pugnacious; his mouth and chin indicated firmness and tenacity.

In the social circle he was a charming and entertaining companion, his disposition most kind, gentle, and thoughtful. Mr. Giddings was one of the most welcome guests at the house of my good friend, Dr. Bailey. He was fond of active out-door sports, and exhilarating games.

In 1861, President Lincoln appointed Mr. Giddings Consul-General to the British North American Provinces, with his official residence at Montreal.

Here our acquaintance was resumed, and soon ripened into a warm friendship, which terminated only with his life. For several days before his death I was with him almost continuously, and, from his remarks as well as his manner, I am convinced he was impressed with the nearness of death. Three days before he died he handed me a package containing letters addressed to President Lincoln, Secretary Chase, and Elihu B. Washburn; he requested me to deliver these letters after his death. Many other little incidents occurred during these last days of his life on earth which convinced me that

he was preparing for death. The many happy hours passed in the company of this noble old statesman will ever remain bright spots in my memory. His conversation during his last days evinced a spirit full of love and charity for all mankind, and especially for those misguided men who were fighting to destroy republicanism on this continent, and to erect in its place a government with human slavery for its chief corner-stone.

Few names will rank above that of Joshua R. Giddings, when the history of the long conflict with slavery is written down, and justice done to those who fought for the inalienable rights of man. He died suddenly, while amusing himself with a game of billiards. Only an hour prior to his death he said to me during a conversation on national affairs, "I have but one desire to live longer, and that is to witness the complete triumph of the cause to which I have given the energies of my life; but I am ready whenever the summons comes; I have no fear of death, it is only a short journey, from this life to the next."

"Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men;
And thou shalt aye be honorably known,
As one who bravely used the tongue and pen
As best befits a freeman."

—*Bryant.*

The following is Jefferson Davis' erroneous conception of Mr. Giddings' character:

"I never saw a more remarkable man, nor one who was inspired by a spirit of more concentrated bitterness. He was very old and infirm, but his hatred for the South and for slavery glowed like the hot fire of youth in his veins and seemed potent enough to vivify his exhausted frame. The hoarded hate of a lifetime gleamed in his sunken eyes, and gave ferocity to a voice that was like the growl of a tiger about to spring upon its prey. I used to watch him with a sort of fascinated interest which the display of strong and sustained passion is sure to create, and I remember how the alertness of his attitude and the suppressed passion of his face used to suggest to me the idea of some fierce creature crouching for a spring. To this day I believe it would have given him pleasure to behold the South desolated with sword and with famine and with pestilence, until neither man, woman, nor child remained. He had poured out so much tenderness upon the slaves, that there was not a drop of pity in his heart for even the innocent babes of the slaveholders."

Jefferson Davis did not *know* Joshua R. Giddings, or he would never have uttered such a libel against one of the purest hearted and most affectionate men of this country. His love for children was a marked characteristic. He was a noble, good man.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE—CANADIAN PATRIOT.

My acquaintance with Mr. Mackenzie was formed after he had returned to Canada from his exile in the United States. Long before I met him I had imbibed feelings of respect and admiration for his character as a man, a patriot, and a statesman. In

personal appearance Mr. Mackenzie was small in stature, and active and energetic in his movements. His head was very large and massive; his brow broad, high and projecting; his head high from the ears to the crown, indicating firmness and self esteem; his jaw was broad, square and strong; his nose large and inquisitive; his eyes thoughtful, sad but keen; his language good and to the point; his face broad, with rather prominent cheek bones; his mouth strong and decisive. Like most radical reformers, he was poor and remained poor all his life. Mr. Mackenzie was not a magnetic man, in the sense in which it is applied to politicians, but he was a very attractive man to those who admired mental and physical courage of the highest order. He dared to look the devil of tyranny, arrogance and selfishness square in the face and smite it. He, before and above all his adherents and followers, had the courage of his convictions. His love for his adopted country was sincere, and his motives unselfish and patriotic. For loving liberty and justice more than selfishness and pelf, he was proclaimed on outlaw, a price placed upon his head; he was hunted from place to place, as if he were a wild beast; he was persecuted, imprisoned and exiled, as if he were an enemy of mankind. But, the time is not far distant when the name of William Lyon Mackenzie will be hailed as that of "Canada's truest and best friend," and when that day comes,